

COBALT-SERIES

谷
瑞恵

伯爵と妖精

紅の騎士に願うならば

集英社

Hakushaku to Yousei

vol.13: If you were to wish to a crimson
knight

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[Novel Updates](#)

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ニコ

猫の姿をした妖精。
リディアの幼なじみで相棒。ふてふてしい性格だが、身なりや食事にうるさく、紳士を気取っている。

リディア

妖精の姿が見え、話もできる少女。エドガーに妖精博士として雇われ、あまい口説き言葉に振り回されてきたが、プリンスと戦うエドガーの力になりたいと思う自分に気づき、彼のプロポーズを受け入れる。

レイヴン

エドガーの従者で、神秘的な雰囲気の少年。武術は相当な腕を持ち、主人には完璧に忠実。エドガーとリディアの結婚を喜んでいる。

Chapter 1: The visitor from the Highlands

"It's that carriage, Fergus."

Having heard this, Fergus leaned out of the window.

From the hotel room, the hat shop entrance across the street could be seen clearly. There were two girls that just happened to get off from the halted carriage.

"It's Earl Ashenbert's family carriage."

Fergus did not possess the pertinent knowledge, not knowing how to distinguish the coat of arms decorated on the box on both ends of the carriage, but since the companion beside him said so, then there was no mistake.

Although this man was his father's subordinate, Fergus believed that he would be able to come in handy, and let him accompany him on this trip.

"....So Patrick, which one were you speaking of?"

Fergus's aim was only one girl. He had investigated that she should be riding in the Earl family's carriage and coming to this hat store to receive an ordered item.

If possible, Fergus wanted to take a look at her first before speaking to her directly. As he thought that, the girl before his eyes.

However, he did not anticipate that two similar aged girls took the carriage.

"Unfortunately, I also don't know which one is Miss Lydia Carlton."

"I like blondes, but those two are different."

"If that's the case, I heard that Earl Ashenbert is blonde."

"Oh?is that so? No, that's not it! I have no interest in blonde men!"

"But Fergus, don't you want to know what kind of man he is?"

"Uh, well... I guess I want to know."

This man, Earl Ashenbert, was Miss Carlton's fiancée, so it was only natural that Fergus was curious.

“According to the newspapers’ descriptions, they say he has conspicuously good looks, and became society’s favorite once he returned to England. Moreover, although he was young, he was savvy, he’s a person that aristocracy can’t ignore. Despite him having scandals with many women in the past, receiving attention by the general masses, he suddenly issued an engagement shortly after, surprising London...”

“No need to say it aloud. I’ve read those articles countless times.”

Over the past few days, they collected articles regarding Earl Ashenbert. It piled up like a small mountain on the table in the middle of the room.

However they haven’t been in London for long, thus they haven’t seen the Earl himself yet.

The Earl was so well known to be a philanderer that even the articles gave frank advice on the Earl’s marriage as they seemed to raise issues and serious warnings. They seemed to be full of adjectives other than “handsome”, making Fergus somewhat angry without knowing why.

It’s not about a man’s looks, it’s sincerity! Fergus thought.

In any case, because these articles were concerning Miss Carlton’s fiancé’s reputation, he felt displeased. No, feeling displeased was inevitable. Because to Fergus, this man was his rival.

“In reality, the more the rumors are spoken, the more the person himself certainly won’t be some amazing guy.”

“That’s true.”

Patrick calmly agreed.

Although Fergus once again turned his head towards the window, the girls’ figures had already disappeared into the store.

Both girls were dressed neatly. Despite being unable to see their features clearly from a distance, Fergus imagined that she must be a beautiful woman.

After all, she wanted to marry the publicly known playboy, therefore she ought to be beautiful.

“If you’re beginning to have expectations prior to meeting, you’ll ultimately

be disappointed."

Patrick splashed Fergus' fantasies with cold water.

"You really are a cool-headed man."

"Thank you very much."

This wasn't a compliment.

"However, it's inevitable to look forward to this, I want to see the woman who originally should have become my fiancée."

Previously, there was a woman who left the village and eloped with a stranger. If she had a child, then that child will have the same clan's bloodline as Fergus.

Suppose that child is a girl, perhaps the entire clan can be saved.

After discussing this thought, Fergus inquired about the news half a year ago, and found that she seemed to be in London.

Fergus came here from distant lands. In fact, he roughly knew the man's name and occupation, who took away the clan's girl twenty years ago, fortunately he found that name in the newspapers.

It was concerning the news of Earl Ashenbert announcing his engagement. The bride was named Lydia Carlton, the eldest daughter of Frederick Carlton --- holding both the position of a Professor at the University of London and a member as a mineralogist of the Royal academia.

There was no mistake.

Fergus needed to bring back the girl who inherited the clan's special blood.

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Lydia and her good friend Lota went out together, and when they returned home, it was already dusk. Father had also returned to the house early, which was rare.

Apparently there were guests that came to visit Father. The housekeeper said that they were talking in the living room, so Lydia asked to housekeeper to bring tea to her room on the second floor afterwards, and then went up the stairs with Lota.

“Lota, will you be staying for dinner?”

“Is that okay? There are guests here.”

“It seems the guests unexpectedly paid a visit, and should be leaving very soon. Besides, I also dragged you everywhere with me to go shopping.”

“I had a good time. Luckily Edgar lent us the carriage, it made our trip smooth.”

Lota entered Lydia’s room, took off her hat, she relaxed and stretched.

“Well, I went through all the trouble to come here, so I’ll treat myself with a meal.”

“Ah, do you need to contact your house? We can ask someone to help you send a letter.”

“It’s all right, I already spoke to Grandfather. He said that even if I haven’t returned in two weeks, he doesn’t mind.”

Lota was the granddaughter of the exiled aristocrat, the Grand Duke of Cremona. Because she was brought up by pirates, she was incapable of resembling the usual quiet, ordinary young lady, but the Grand Duke had also been turning a blind eye.

Because Lota’s personality was straightforward, even if Lydia was a different kind of girl who was very close to fairies, Lota still wanted to be her friend.

For Lydia, Lota was a precious human friend.

While she sat, she and Lota looked at each other and laughed.

“Fortunately, the hat was made according to your wishes.”

“Yes, but I didn’t buy the other thing that I wanted.”

Lydia recalled this and sighed at the same time.

In fact, today she went out in order to select a gift for her fiancé.

"Choosing a gift for men is really difficult. Father is someone who would be happy no matter what he received, so I didn't think it mattered, but Edgar only uses things that he likes."

"Actually, I feel that as long as you choose it, he'll be happy regardless of what it is."

Is that right? Lydia recalled Edgar in his everyday life. Not only was he dressed in high-quality goods, all his tastes were also outstanding. If Lydia chose a gift within her affordable range, would he feel happy?

Because of this, Lydia once considered wanting to buy an item that wouldn't be used frequently in front of people, yet even if she tried to think, she couldn't understand what men would want.

All in all, accepting the proposal and waiting until now to give a gift, wouldn't the lapse in time be too great?

Although Lydia also knew that a woman who had received an engagement ring would give some sort of commemorative gift to the man, but because her ring was the fairies' special Moonstone ring, rather than saying it was given by Edgar, it would be better to say that it was received due to a fantastic opportunity. Thus, she accidentally forgot about the human traditions.

Lydia remembered it after engagement had been publicly announced.

She had received a gift from Edgar before, it was a necklace that used the English initials of the jewel names to spell out "Dearest". At the same time, she received compliments from everyone, also noticing that the necklace represented Edgar unable to pour his feelings into the ring; that was purely due to him giving this item as evidence of the engagement.

"Really, in spite of everything, I can't even think of one gift that would make Edgar happy, I should be a failure of a fiancée, right?"

"Don't worry too much about it. That guy is gaining a lot just from you having agreed to marry him. It'll be fine as long as you smile sweetly after receiving many gifts."

"I--is that so?"

"Let me know if he complains, I'll ruthlessly punch him."

Although Lota was very reliable, she was a little too extreme. Despite her never showing the disposition of a lord's daughter, Lydia liked her carefree personality and sincerely considered her as a close friend.

They laughed together again, and Lydia's mood seemed to get better.

"Is the tea still not ready? I'll go and take a look."

Lydia stood up and walked out of the room.

Just when she wanted to go down the stairs, Nico suddenly appeared and said:

"Hey, it's best if you don't go down right now."

This fairy, whose appearance turned into that of a hairy grey cat with a stance of standing on two feet, looked up at Lydia.

"What's the matter?"

"Troublesome guys have come."

"Are you talking about Father's guests?"

"In short, it's best that you don't show your face."

Although Nico pulled Lydia's skirt, urging her to return to her room, she was increasingly concerned about how Father's guests had something to do with her.

"Hey, who are they?"

At that time, a sound came through the open door of the living room downstairs. She peered down from the corner of the staircase, as a result she glimpsed upon her father showing a solemn expression, which he's never had before.

"Please leave."

Even the tone of voice didn't seem like Father's usual gentle manner of treating people kindly.

"Could you please let me have a chat with your daughter directly?"

It was a young man's voice.

"That is not necessary."

"She should wish to know of matters that she is related to, right?"

An approximately twenty-year old red-headed youth, was by the door with Father, neither refusing to give in. He was wearing a Tartan kilt, the traditional Scotland clothing.

"The matter you speak of was from a long time ago, and does not concern us."

"Now is not the case, Mr. Carlton, many people have died in your wife's home village."

What relationship did this man have with her mother's home? Besides, many people have died?

Even if Nico constantly pestered her, Lydia was rooted in place.

Lydia knew very little about her mother's maternal relatives. She only knew that her mother was from the Northern islands and had eloped with her father. In addition, she was also both able to communicate with fairies and possessed an abundance of knowledge, and was relied on by the villagers as a fairy doctor.

But that young man seemed to understand everything. He probably came from Mother's homeland.

When Lydia leaned on the handrails, the stairs made a creaking sound.

The other person standing behind the red-headed young man raised his eyes. He wasn't in traditional clothing, but rather he was in a brown frock coat.

He was a thin, inconspicuous man approximately in his late twenties, yet his line of sight that darted over was frighteningly sharp.

Lydia seemed to be fixed to the floor by his gaze and unable to move, and at that time, the red-haired man also discovered her.

He immediately approached. Like an agile stag, he swiftly galloped up the staircase and in the blink of an eye, he stood before Lydia, who was at the corner of the staircase.

“You are Lydia?”

“Eh.... um....”

“I am Fergus McKeel, and was born from the same clan as your mother. I am the McKeel clan head’s son.”

Mother’s relative?

The young man named Fergus had somewhat curious eyes, which had remnants of innocence, and looked at Lydia. He then said to his male companion:

“Hey Patrick, my expectations were pretty good, although she’s not blonde, she’s quite cute.”

“That’s too impolite, Fergus.”

“Lydia, go back to your room.”

Lydia was about to act in accordance to her father’s words, but the young man called Fergus grabbed her arm and stopped her.

“Marry me.”

“What?”

“Although you don’t know, before you were born, it was already decided that you would become my fiancée.”

“Hey, you asshole, don’t joke around!”

Lota stood in front of Lydia.

“Lydia already has a decent fiancé... No, he isn’t considered very decent, at any rate she has a fiancé!”

“However, they haven’t gotten married. If it’s cancelled, then there’s no problem. Besides, when it truly comes to the order of priority, it’s me who is first. That womanizing Earl casually decided on the engagement with my fiancée without permission.”

“The engagement is not in accordance with sequential orders, rather it depends on each sides’ feelings to be concluded and I wonder if you weren’t even aware of this point?”

Suddenly a voice with a sarcastic was heard and the person who would use this kind of tone was unmistakably Edgar.

The flustered housekeeper stepped back. He entered the house from the main entrance afterwards, glaring at Fergus from below the staircase.

He merely stood there, and the surrounding mood changed. Fergus watched Edgar slowly walk up the stairs, and as if overwhelmed, he gulped.

“Don’t touch my fiancee with your hand so casually, boy.”

Until Edgar stood in front of him, Fergus seemed to blankly gaze at him as if he were fascinated, and after hearing this sentence, he recovered, tightly clenching his fist saying:

“Calling me a boy? We are around the same age.”

“Oh? And yet you are saying that you’re obsessed with the marriage partner that was merely decided upon by your parents, which sounds as if you’re like a young boy who doesn’t understand love, and is babbling bullshit.”

“I’m not putting on airs! If the engagement isn’t using an order to be decided, that means starting from now, I have an equal chance.”

“You believe you can snatch Lydia away from me?”

Edgar sneered, then grabbed Fergus’ shoulder, and catching him off guard, he pushed him down the stairs.

Because Fergus was unexpectedly grabbed, he missed his footing and stumbled. Everyone at the scene, apart from Edgar, were roughly scared and broke into a cold sweat. But Fergus, who was thrown down the stairs, was caught by that black-haired man named Patrick below.

Even though both people fell to the floor one after another, from looking at their condition of being able to stand up immediately, they shouldn’t have sustained injuries.

Yet Fergus seemed stunned, it looked as if he just forgot to protest, and just sat on the floor.

Does he normally push other people down the stairs suddenly? Even if he knew that the other male companion was below, he went too far.

Lydia, her father, as well as Lota, were astonished that they were unable to make a sound. Among this atmosphere, Patrick calmly spoke.

"The Earl himself is different from the rumors. Fergus, you originally guessed that the person himself wasn't anything special, but apparently this time your expectations fell short."

"You....did you need to say it now?! I was insulted!"

"The first to insult someone was you. To go as far as to want to pursue other people's fiancée, if you were an aristocrat, I could've requested a duel."

"Earl, please excuse our rudeness."

Patrick sincerely began to talk before Fergus got angry, as if he intended to ease the tense atmosphere.

"I am working as a fairy doctor for the McKeel clan's head. The reason why we came to visit rather than saying it's for the purposes of a fiancée, it would be better to say that it is for more urgent matters, would you be please just listen for the full story?"

This person..... Is a fairy doctor.

Lydia was surprised and looked towards Patrick.

He came from Mother's homeland, and was a fairy doctor like Mother.

Although Lydia wanted to stay and listen to what they had to say, Edgar pulled her aside, not wanting to let her and the two Highlanders have contact.

"There's no need to listen. Professor Carlton also hopes for you to leave, if you don't leave quickly, I'll get rid of you."

Edgar's attendant stood by the entrance, although his face was expressionless, his whole body was certainly full of murderous spirit, waiting for Edgar's permission to drag the two people out.

However, the other person was also quite tenacious.

"Even now, you possess the Earl of Ibrael's title in name. Yet you say that there is no need to listen to what we have to say, do you mean that the Earl house long ago lost its exceptional power and even its raison d'etre?"

These words were already enough to infuriate Edgar.

Edgar always and absolutely minded that he was not of the Earl family's legitimate descent.

He wasn't proficient in fairy magic at all, so he had no choice but to depend on Lydia.

But it wasn't his fault. The Earl family's bloodline was already severed, and Edgar, putting together all kinds of opportunities, obtained permission to inherit the title of Earl.

"How could a fairy doctor from a remote area understand the Earl's matters?"

Edgar controlled his emotions while he spoke.

"With all due respect, I doubt whether or not the Earl of Ibrazel's family still retains power now. According to rumors, for the first time after three hundred years, you appear..."

"Edgar is the Earl family's successor without a doubt. The fairies who had been in contact with the Earl's family since ancient times have also acknowledged him."

Lydia could not help but interrupt.

"I'm not denying this point. It's just that, Earl Ashenbert, did you know that the balance of the fairy realm and human world is currently being torn apart?

Patrick went on calmly.

"Changes that happen in the fairy world will also affect the human world. Something has already begun to happen in our invisible area. If you are the Lord of Ibrazel, then you must have felt it. No, even if you haven't felt it, you ought to just know it. This isn't just our clan's problem. If it's left ignored, it will ultimately become a crisis to the entire United Kingdom."

"So, what? You want to say that I only have the name but no power, so you want me to hand over Lydia for the purposes of the clan's crisis?

They didn't only want Lydia's status as a fairy doctor to provide assistance. With Fergus talking about a fiancée and such, it means he thinks it's necessary to do so.

Even if they pointed out Edgar's lack of strength and claiming that this was the United Kingdom's crisis, if they wanted to thwart the marriage between him and Lydia, Edgar becoming enraged will sooner or later be a problem.

"As for Lydia's mother's clan, I will also become a relative as far as I'm concerned. If there are difficult situations, I won't turn a blind eye. However, if you want to take Lydia away, then you guys, are not only completely unrelated strangers, but robbers even more. Prior to handling the clan's crisis, you should first clearly witness your own crises."

This was a very clear threat.

Fergus probably wanted to retort and thus stood up suddenly, but Patrick stopped him.

"Fergus, first let's return for today."

"Don't say stupid things, even if I was threatened, I'm not the least bit scared."

"That's not a threat, he's serious."

After he was grabbed and skillfully urged by his companion, Fergus unwillingly prepared to leave.

Patrick bowed his head to Lydia's father and said:

"Pardon the intrusion, Professor Carlton. Also Earl, we will stay somewhere in London for the time being, I hope for you to have a chat with us, because even if keep us away, it isn't for Miss Lydia's consideration, I only ask that you remember this point."

He left behind these words and departed, this probably wasn't simply a threat.

"Before my wife, Aurora, eloped with me, she also had a fiancé."

Lydia's father began to talk.

"Her hometown apparently has a very close blood relationship with the fairies, and shouldered some responsibilities in the McKeel clan. Her fiancé was

the prophet, who lies dormant all year round in the fairy clan's sacred land. According to legends, the prophet will one day awaken and save the clan from disaster."

"Despite clearly not knowing when he will awaken, Mother was still his fiancée?"

Father nodded and then closed his eyes, as if to search for the old memories.

"If I can recall, if the prophet still hadn't woken up, and she surpassed twenty years of age, then they would have to assign another maiden as his fiancée..."

"Professor, the clan's tradition has something to do with the matter of the two people visiting here right?"

Edgar asked. He originally paid a visit to Lydia's home on a whim, but now, he remained in the Carlton family's living room in order to grasp the situation, completely disregarding the matters that need to be handled in a little while.

"I heard that their land is faced with an unprecedented crisis. Diseases are spreading, land is deserted by storms even quite a few villagers have been left homeless."

"Just now, they seemed to mention the balance between the human and fairy world being broken and so on. If the cause bringing about these disastrous changes really isn't nature but perhaps a human element, or rather it's some kind of evil magic accumulated in the area, that really is a big problem."

Edgar anxiously looked at Lydia, who was somewhat expressing sympathy.

"That is, those guys need Lydia's fairy doctor abilities? But that black-haired man said that he himself was a fairy doctor."

Lota looked solemn and crossed her arms on her chest.

"Men seem useless. In order to protect the clan, they can only depend on the legend of the prophet. But they also said, there already isn't a girl within the clan that's a suitable fiancée for the prophet, so they came here seeking the daughter of Aurora, who left home twenty years ago."

"Their purpose.... Is wanting to make Lydia that man's fiancée?"

Edgar's calm tone of voice had a mixture of intense anger.

"But Professor, so long as Lydia becomes the prophet's fiancée, then she'll be able to make that person, who hasn't woken up to this day, regain consciousness?"

"I'm not sure, but my wife was only a person among the edge of hierarchy of the clan, the clan head's direct relatives ought to understand more about the prophet and the details of the clan's crisis. Perhaps there certainly is a way to truly wake up the prophet."

"However that person named Fergus wanted me to marry him."

They obviously needed the prophet's fiancée, so why did the clan head's son rush over here and interrupt?

"That is... Lydia, your mother still had another fiancé to marry, under the circumstances that the prophet hasn't awoken after she surpassed twenty years of age. I think that this time's state of affairs is the same. According to their statements, after the prophet finishes his mission, that man named Fergus will... um, will take Lydia as his wife, so there's no need to worry."

Edgar silently clenched his fists. While Lydia looked at him, she was glad that Patrick and Fergus had left a long time ago, otherwise if he heard these words from their mouths directly, it's possible that it'll give rise to a bloody event.

"In short, Earl, these matters are already unrelated with Lydia. My wife should have already severed off all relationships with her homeland, so I ask that you don't worry."

After Father finished speaking resolutely, he shifted his line of sight towards Lydia.

"Lydia, you are already officially engaged. So you cannot be like before, making arbitrary decisions just because you are a fairy doctor, understand?"

This was a warning for Lydia to not contact them. Although Father rarely ordered Lydia, she also realized as a result that after her engagement, she would no longer be the ordinary Lydia Carlton.

"Yes, Father."

For society, she was already a member of the Ashenbert family, so she could

no longer approach other men.

Probably feeling relieved at Lydia's answer, the corners of Edgar's mouth relaxed.

However, was this a problem that could be settled as long as they were driven away? Uneasiness still remained in Edgar's heart.

Despite no one mentioning it, Patrick had previously mentioned that something dangerous will also happen to Lydia.

As long as she inherited that clan's bloodline, Lydia will be destined to get involved?

"It will be alright, Lydia, because no matter what happens, you have me to protect you."

Edgar sensed Lydia's unease, standing up as he spoke.

"I apologize for the sudden visit, Professor, I still have appointments with other people."

"Ah, no, keeping you here when you're busy, I'm really sorry."

"Edgar, you have me by Lydia's side, so you don't have to worry."

Lota waved her hands, seemingly wanting to quickly drive Edgar out. After Edgar glared at her, he headed towards the entrance with Lydia, who got up to send him off.

When they walked up to the side of the carriage, which had stopped by the curbside waiting, he turned towards Lydia. Not knowing whether or not it was because they became alone, he suddenly didn't want to separate, seemingly gazing at Lydia. Not knowing whether or not it was because they became alone, or that it suddenly became hard to leave, he gazed at Lydia.

"I just wanted to see your face anyhow, I'm glad I stopped by."

"...You really love to worry."

When she was alone with Edgar, Lydia often thought of one matter.

Doesn't the distance between the both of them seem too close?

In any case, if Lydia didn't raise her head high, then Edgar's face wouldn't be

seen. But because he stared at her from a close distance, if she lifted her face, then both of them would be close enough to practically kiss, thus she couldn't help but lower her line of sight to the area around Edgar's necktie.

Do the earth's lovers snuggle up to each other completely without reason?

Lydia imagined the distance between lovers, and how it was unlike Edgar's ideas from the beginning. Although she believed that she expressed comparatively more intimacy than before, was Edgar not satisfied at all?

"Having a cute fiancée, it's only natural that there will be many things to worry about."

"That's your bias."

"You're both unaware and not vigilant, it's truly vexing."

Edgar chuckled, then lightly embraced Lydia like encircling air.

Lydia liked this kind of tender touch, making her feel at ease. She wouldn't be tense and as a result, felt Edgar's tenderness.

These days, he probably tried to want to create the lovers atmosphere that was appropriate for Lydia. Even if this way of communication for him seemed like a child playing house, he still tried to compromise a little with Lydia.

"It's truly amazing. As long as I do this, even if I'm closing my eyes, I very well know that the person I am embracing is you. I seem to have unconsciously remembered the feeling of this embrace."

Do we embrace like this often?

"What about you? Will you know that it's me?"

"Eh, I d--don't know..."

Lydia still couldn't keep her composure, thus she could only feel shy when asked. He seemingly found this this kind of reaction amusing and laughed, loosened her arms and changed the subject.

"Were you happy shopping together with Lota?

The distance between both of them increased slightly, Lydia was finally able to raise her head and smile.

"Yes."

"She... well, although she has many problems, she's a girl who makes you feel at ease as long as she's by your side. I think you had better not go out alone for the time being."

While Lydia nodded, she recalled that she still hadn't decided on what gift to give.

She might as well ask the person himself.

"Um, Edgar, is there anything that you want at the moment?"

"There is."

He immediately replied.

"What is it?"

"Your love."

"Th--that's not what I meant...."

"I wonder, when I will be able to hear you say "I love you"? I've always been waiting."

Come to think of it, I seem to have never said it before.

"Will I hear it soon?"

Suddenly asking me to say it, I can't say it out loud.

"Do you like me?"

Lydia became flushed, her mind in disorder. Edgar was always capable of naturally speaking out, and would say it several times regardless. But Lydia absolutely didn't expect him to want her to say these words.

In order to respond to Edgar's affection, she desperately tried to become used to the intimacy between them, she also believed that there was a way to convey her mood to him. However, she had never thought that she needed to take this mood and convert it into words.

Compared with kissing, she now felt more shy when by saying these words. Because Lydia discovered this point, she was endlessly astonished.

“.....”

Although she tried to speak....

“What? I couldn’t hear you.”

Ah, it’s impossible.

Lydia hurriedly changed the subject.

“Well, you know, Edgar, I still haven’t given you an engagement gift, right? I wanted to buy something that can be regarded as commemorative, but I didn’t know what would be good.”

“Like I said, I want your...”

“Anything else?”

Lydia half-seriously blocked Edgar from returning to the subject.

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, then showed a mischievous sort of smile.

“Making you worry for me also isn’t bad. I will wait and look forward to your chosen gift.”

Perhaps I shouldn’t have asked, isn’t it even more difficult to choose this time?

When she noticed, she realized that Edgar had already boaded onto the carriage.

“Can you come over tomorrow? I have something I want to show you.”

“Yes after finishing my etiquette lessons I’ll go.”

“I’ll be waiting for you. I love you, my fairy.”

Despite him being the same, both unhesitantly and boldly revealing his feelings, Lydia could only nod in response.

Not only was she incapable smoothly conveying her feelings, she was also unable to put her feelings into words. When they were alone, their behaviour would merely be childlike. Moreover she couldn’t even think of anything he would want.

I certainly must be a failure of a fiancée.

While Lydia sighed, she watched the carriage leave.

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Countless bodies lied flat in the wilderness.

Edgar walked on the blood-soaked earth, alone.

Despite him noticing that he was in the same dream again, he was still unable to escape.

He didn't know whether or not it was because of the light of the setting sun, even the sky was blood red.

The torn battle flag seemed to be the same as the soldiers, who were no longer moving, illustrating a tragic appearance.

This was the Stuart Royal family's flag.

The Battle of Culloden was here. The grandson of James II who was exiled from the United Kingdom, Prince Charles Edward, attempted to reclaim the throne and ultimately suffered defeat to the very end.

Edgar stood on the land that had reportedly underwent fierce decisive battles around a century ago.

Nothing was alive. However, there were two birds fluttering in the red sky. They were hooded crows.

The incarnations of the ancient war goddesses called out to Edgar.

After that, the setting suddenly changed.

A baby immersed in its first bath could be seen. A bright red first bath.... it seemed like a baptism of blood.

Surrounding the baby's body were either departed spirits or monstrous ghosts, sinister creatures which dwelled in the gloomy darkness.

Edgar realized that this dream was another of the Prince's stories.

Losing the war a century ago, people who were identified as rebels were persecuted and cursed the British royal family, and prince's existence, called the Prince of Calamity, was born among that reason.

They set up a dark organization, planning to use evil forces to seize the country.

In order to replace the prince who was defeated in the war, they depended on the Stuart royal family's weak bloodline, which should have been severed earlier, wanting to start a war again.

This battle began a long time ago.

The dark organization abducted Edgar, the Duke's eldest son, attempting to reincarnate him as the new "Prince", and snatched away Edgar's family, original status, as well as everything he had.

He somehow managed to escape from the organization, vowed vengeance towards Prince, and afterwards smoothly obtained the Blue Knight Earl's status.

He originally thought that as long as Prince was dead, he would be able to obtain freedom.

Edgar let out a groan while having the nightmare and tossed about in bed.

Within the darkness, countless spirits and the unseelie court unwittingly surrounded Edgar. Even if he tried to escape, they would follow him no matter where he went.

He knew the reason clearly. Because, Edgar is their Prince now.

Although the man who tortured Edgar before was dead, the one called "Prince" with his memories of unknown existence, entered into his mind.

No, he muttered.

I am the Blue Knight Earl. The heir of the Earl family, who incessantly struggled in order to bury Prince.

By the time Edgar realized, he was already holding the Merrow's treasured sword, the heirloom of Earl family.

He waved the sword, in order to drive away the unseelie court.

Blue light radiated within the darkness.

The evil creatures simultaneously retreated backward, as they were unable to approach the sword.

Surrounding him at a distance, they still followed Edgar. But this sword, apart from preventing them from approaching closer, it couldn't do anything.

This sword possessed fairy powers yet it was unable to kill fairies. The reason was with Edgar and not having the ability to communicate with fairies.

So, for no matter how long, I cannot become the genuine Earl?

Ah~~ it would be good if I can even use the sword's true powers...

Just when Edgar hoped for this, the monstrous fairies before him, suddenly scattered and flew.

Who is it? When the fairies were fleeing simultaneously, he gazed at his surroundings.

Someone was here. Someone was holding a sword within their hand.

It was dusky all over, making Edgar unable to see their face clearly, but he noticed and gazed at the person's figure holding the sword.

That sword was just like the Merrow's sword, likewise it seemed to be decorated with a large gem. However, that sword was clearly distinct from the Merrow's sword.

A scarlet gem was decorated on the sword.

Was that a ruby?

In the instant that the figure picked up the sword again, he could see a brilliant radiance from within the gem. It was the Star Ruby.

Edgar held the sword with the Star Sapphire, which momentarily flashed and shined as if it were attracted to the Ruby.

The unknown man turned to Edgar, silently raising his red sword.

Although Edgar wanted to dodge, his body couldn't move at all.

The moment the edge of the blade approached his eyes, the setting changed once more.

He was in his own bedroom.

Even so, he knew he was still in a dream. His body was unable to move, as if

he were paralyzed, moreover he closed his eyes, but he was able to grasp the condition of every corner of the room, thus it was surely a dream.

(You had a terrible dream didn't you?)

He didn't know where the sound came from.

"....Who is it?"

(I am your servant, my lord.)

There was a silver silhouette dimly floating in the dark room, just before dawn.

That figure had the appearance of a small young boy, reminiscent of Cupid; his short hair, skin as well as the clothes on his body, all appeared bluish silver. Edgar had already seen a similar existence of his, it's just only at that time, he had the appearance of an adult.

"Arrow?"

He dwelled within the sword, that is, in the starlight of the Star Sapphire. After Edgar mumbled this fairy's name, the boy nodded.

"Why are you here?"

(Because you called for me.)

Did I call him? Either that or I cried for help towards him.

"Anyway, if you came to help me, why didn't you kill those group of guys by tearing apart?"

(My Lord, the things you can't do, I also cannot do.)

"Without Bow, it useless? In other words....Although you possess the figure of the sword, you're only an arrow."

(I'm a fairy who was just born not long ago, Arrow is my name and my essence. Although the sword's power is an innate ability that I have, I still need your willpower to bring it out. In the future, this sword should grow according to your wishes. Therefore, I ask that you be careful because the influence that you bring out from the sword will control your fate.)

Having a childish appearance yet speaking pretentious words, Edgar couldn't

help but laugh bitterly.

"Am I able to bring out effects from the sword? Don't you know? I don't have proficient fairy magic abilities, as I am merely an ordinary human."

(Let's hope that is the case, because if it's like this, even now I can protect you sufficiently.)

While Arrow within the Star Sapphire spoke profoundly, his presence faded away.

And so, Edgar slowly opened his eyes and saw the Merrow's sword, which should have been hidden in the other room, emitting a faint light.

The so-called guardian referred to as Arrow, who will protect Edgar and hunt the "Prince's" unseelie court as much as possible, driving them away from him?

The unpleasant presence in the dream dissipated, whether or not it was because of this, Edgar regained his calm.

Perhaps it wasn't merely a dream, rather it's something that will turn up every night.

Or, was it something causing a disturbance within his body?

Was it Arrow within the sword suppressing this thing for him?

Edgar slightly expected Arrow to be able to prevent "Prince" whose memories dwelled inside him, from awakening. He hoped to not know what would happen if the memories awakened, what he would become afterwards.

"Lord Edgar, are you up?"

A voice came from outside the door. It was Raven.

Edgar responded, his trusted attendant entered the room, holding a candle.

"There was a voice inside the room, so I came to take a look."

"Raven, after I get married, you don't have to run in just because there are voices in the room."

Although Edgar was poking fun at him, he understood that Raven was concerned as he would frequently have nightmares.

Recently, Raven had probably been unable to sleep soundly.

“Yes.”

“Can you bring the candle here?”

Edgar picked up the sword that was beside the bedside table, approaching the flame.

He himself, just didn’t understand these matters. Even if it was just the sword, he also didn’t understand it well.

Arrow said, the direction of his fate will be seen depending on what kind of power guides the sword.

If there was a way to win against the “Prince” in his body, this sword will certainly be crucial.

But the more he thought, the more he felt that killing himself was the only way.

He was fully aware that he couldn’t do it.

Edgar he couldn’t do it no matter what, taking the initiative to separate himself from Lydia.

As a result, he went and seized the Prince’s memories, and while bearing unimaginable things, he tried to find a way to live.

Edgar believed that as long as she was by his side, then he would have hope.

It’s just that he still hadn’t explained everything to Lydia.

“Raven, if Lydia knew what was happening in my body, what would she think?”

Raven blinked. Edgar asked a question that even he would have difficulties answering.

“Then how about you? How would you feel towards this hateful enemy living within your Master’s body?”

Only Raven knew about the matters occurring within Edgar’s body, but regardless of what happened, he was Edgar’s faithful soldier.

"I will only follow Lord Edgar."

Edgar knew that he would reply in this way.

It was obvious as to why there would be that kind of answer, because they had a inseparable soul bond between them.

Yet, was Lydia willing to sacrifice everything to that extent for Edgar?

Edgar knew that she tried strenuously to display the appearance of a fiancée. Although she was innocent and sweet, if it seemed that Edgar will act too intimately, she will prepare to run away.

No, before thinking about whether or not Lydia was willing be intimate, he should first find the reason why Lydia wasn't able to sacrifice everything for him. The reason lies with him urgently preparing the marriage, and not speaking out this important matter concerning the future about himself.

"I'm afraid. Although I encountered various kinds of crises with you, up till now, this is the first time I've felt this afraid."

Merely telling the truth, in spite of everything, I absolutely cannot do.

The candle's flame flickered. The blue star-sapphire reflected the burning flame, making him think of the flickering red light of the ruby that he seemed to have seen in his dream.

Chapter 2: So that I can stay by your side

Lydia presently knew nothing; she only heard that Edgar's old enemy whom he fought for a long time — Prince, had already died.

But she felt that Edgar hadn't felt settled since the war ended.

The organization fighting together with Edgar until now, "Scarlet Moon", was also the same.

The fairy painter Paul, Edgar's friend, who was also a member of the organization, spoke to Lydia, who was visiting the Earl's mansion.

"The Earl is still requesting that Scarlet Moon scout out Prince's surviving subordinates."

When Lydia was waiting for Edgar in the residence's living room, she met Paul, who had just come. Both people hadn't seen each other in quite a while.

She asked Paul, who was just about to leave, to stay. He was still the same, and frankly acted as Lydia's companion, as someone to talk to.

"In other words, although the Prince's organization lost their important leader, they retained their strength as before?"

"Yes. They seemed to have not lost any unifying force due to the Prince's death."
"

"Ulysses is also still alive, right."

Ulysses is Prince's trusted aide, and is a person who directly conflicted with Edgar every time.

"Yes, although his location isn't clearly determined, he seems to have gone into hiding with the organization..... After all, he controls the fairies. Raven seemed to see two hooded crows often, I heard that the fairies that had set a contract with Prince were of that shape..."

Those were the reincarnations of the war goddesses. Although the goddesses were originally a trinity, the Prince only obtained two. Currently there was no need to be afraid, but perhaps they were monitoring the activities of Edgar's faction.

"So, Edgar's still taking precautions?"

If it's concerning fairy matters, then he could have discussed this with me. Lydia thought this and knitted her brows. Paul saw this and quickly said cheerfully:

"But you don't need to be so worried. Probably... well you see, I think it's because right now the Earl has to prepare for the wedding, an important event, so he will be cautious in all aspects as he doesn't want to disturb you."

Paul probably believed that he mustn't say any words that would make Lydia upset while this important period of marriage preparations was in progress.

"Ah~~ yes, Miss Lydia, I sketched several new paintings to congratulate the both of you on your marriage, and now I'll be in the process of confirming the room's dimensions. It seems that the paintings will also be decorated in your room, so I will definitely complete a fine work of art."

Lydia clearly knew Paul was being sensitive towards her, so she replied with a smile.

“Oh my, I really look forward to it.”

Recently, regardless of who she came across, her surroundings were all brimming with a congratulatory atmosphere. Regarding this, it was only natural that Lydia felt very grateful, but compared to her mind filled with thoughts of getting married, she was concerned about many other matters even more.

Although she had planned not to interfere with matters relating to Prince until Edgar confessed, completely knowing nothing made her feel uneasy.

Moreover, she was also worried about the two people who appeared at her home yesterday, and whether or not it would cast a shadow on her and Edgar’s marriage.

Despite making a firm resolution to not have any sort of relations with them, something was happening in the fairy world. This also made her extremely worried, and she felt that she seemed unable to not get involved.

Was it necessary to ask Edgar to discuss more on these sorts of things with her?

Even if she intended to understand Edgar, there were still many matters she did not know about between them.

“Mr. Paul, do you have someone that you like?”

This abrupt question made Paul open his eyes wide.

“Ah, no, um, I’m very unfamiliar those sorts of things.”

“Then, I ask that you imagine your ideal woman.”

Because Lydia earnestly asked, he was helplessly forced to close his eyes. Painfully wrinkling his brows, he was probably trying hard to imagine.

“Can I ask you to imagine a scene of that woman giving you a present?”

“...Yes.”

“After opening it, what’s inside?”

“Umm... a hedgehog or something...”

“What?”

“Ah, um, uh... I only carelessly thought this up... Ahh I don’t know why I said that, I’m sorry.”

Paul went into an awful panic, as it looked as if he surprised himself.

“B-but you know, Miss Lydia, is this not an unexpected delight? I would think that sending me a gift that would make me laugh, seeing my startled appearance and a laughing woman also isn’t bad.”

“Yes.... I guess that it really isn’t bad.”

If our hearts were connected and we understood each other’s feelings, will I be able to come up with a wonderful gift? Perhaps, I don’t have to think too strictly.

Lydia’s felt somewhat relaxed, and exchanged a smile with Paul.

“You seem quite happy.”

Lydia, wearing a frank smile, turned towards Edgar, who suddenly appeared in the living room. After he saw Lydia, he narrowed his eyes as if he saw something radiant.

“I was just asking Mr. Paul what his ideal woman was like.”

“Ohh? He’ll dodge this kind of question every time, did you get anything out?”

“I heard more interesting things.”

Lydia took Edgar’s extended hand her and got up, and Paul stood up immediately afterwards.

“Earl, excuse me, I must leave first.”

“Yes, I’m counting on you to paint beautiful works of art.”

After seeing Paul off, Edgar left the living room together with Lydia.

“Because you will be here in the future, I had the room slightly remodeled, today I wanted to let you have a look.”

Lydia nodded, but she couldn’t help but feel that it was odd, because Edgar walked towards a corridor that was different from his usual direction.

“Um, my study is over here.”

He halted and stood still, gazing at Lydia with a perplexed expression.

“....I’m not talking about your study, it’s the place where you’ll live in the future. Up until now, I was alone, so the biggest bedchambers suite in the mansion was not used, but I’m going to decorate that place into our private room afterwards.”

“Eh, i-is that so.”

Come to think of it, it would be obvious that she was going to live in this mansion after marriage. Yet she practically hadn’t thought about and considered this. Lydia couldn’t help but feel astonished and slight self-loathing.

Edgar continued walking as if he already pulled himself together.

After ascending the private staircase at the end of the corridor, Lydia arrived at an area where she had never set foot in before.

Edgar lead her into a dressing room which had just been finished decorating.

This tone was a light blue, a very well decorated elegant room. The wallpaper had a clear design and the identical-colored sofa gave the same kind of invigorating impression.

Although the room’s colors were bright, perhaps it was due to the effectiveness of the detail in the wooden accent texture of the decorations and furnishings that could make people feel calm.

Looking up, the ceiling’s relief paintings were just as magnificent, Lydia couldn’t help but gasp.

“Do you like it?”

“Yes....”

Lydia looked utterly entranced, so much to the point that she was unable to speak a line of her thoughts. Edgar held her shoulders, dropping a kiss on her forehead.

“Whether it’s the curtains, tablecloths and so on, as long as you ask, don’t hesitate to speak to me. After all, this is your room.”

“My room? In every case, thinking of luxury makes me feel that it isn’t real.”

Edgar shrugged his shoulders slightly.

“I want you to soon feel that you are actually getting married.”

“I have.”

“However, Lydia, you haven’t asked me anything. For example, speaking of the room’s decorations, don’t tell me that after you become this house’s Countess, that you plan to sleep in the study? Also, the church formalities, what to do on our honeymoon and so on, you don’t care?”

Indeed, Lydia had not thought of any matter that Edgar spoke of. However, hasn’t Edgar also not briefly mentioned of this? She currently just found out that the room was being remodelled.

Moreover, she was also actively trying hard in moving towards the path of marriage.

The dowry and dress had already been chosen. As she used the status as Edgar's fiancée to participate in aristocratic social gatherings, she also would find time to be taught etiquette by the Duchess.

What truly needs to be said was that Edgar prepared everything earlier, and Lydia merely conducted herself according to his wishes.

"I did ask for something didn't I? Yesterday, I asked if there was anything you wanted."

"...In other words, you're still in the stage of worrying about the engagement gift?"

Edgar, as if he was shocked sat down heavily on a nearby chair.

"Therefore, I noticed that we need to discuss this more."

"I see. Perhaps it really is necessary. Then, let's talk. I think it's about time we establish a marriage date."

"Although that is also very important, I'm more concerned about the matter with Prince."

Edgar frowned a little. Lydia sat by the window side and gazed outside.

"I heard that the goddess' reincarnation of a hooded crow may have been watching you closely, even I didn't know about this matter."

"If your mind is full of fairy matters, surely you will ignore the marriage matters to worry over them instead, right?"

“Was this why you didn’t say anything to me?”

Lydia couldn’t help but feel surprised, she turned to Edgar and said:

“If something happened to you, wouldn’t marriage be the last thing on our minds?”

“They absolutely can’t do anything, but merely loiter around, nothing more.”

“Surely you don’t know that!”

“In any case, you don’t need to think about so unnecessary things.”

“Unnecessary things? I am clearly a fairy doctor, yet you want me to just think about the marriage?”

“Lydia, if possible, I want you to do according to what I say at this current time.”

Edgar’s words seemed to dissuade her from acting willfully and this somehow made Lydia feel uneasy.

So far, Edgar greatly respected Lydia as a fairy doctor. Moreover, he clearly didn’t understand fairy matters, so if there was anything fairy related, he would discuss it with Lydia.

But why did he speak with that tone of voice?

“Edgar, you’re still hiding something from me, aren’t you?”

Ever since after the Prince died, Lydia felt that he somewhat seemed preoccupied. She told herself to wait until the day that Edgar takes the initiative to talk to her about it. However, the reason why he even hid the appearance of the hooded crow from her, was it related to the matter of him not speaking out?

“I’m not hiding anything from you.”

Edgar said these words without looking at her and sat motionlessly.

As she expected, she felt that he was deceiving her.

“The Prince’s matter has already ended, even if Ulysses controls the remaining fairies, he can’t do anything major. As for me, I want to only think of how we will spend our happy future together.”

Is it really over?

“I won’t let you come across danger again, so... rest assured, I also hope that you’ll think of how to enrich your life by using the status of a Countess.”

Actually, Lydia didn’t want to simply become a Countess, rather in the future she intended to use the status of the Earl family’s fairy doctor to aid Edgar.

Or was Lydia the only one thinking this, when in fact, Edgar is not expecting her to be more than an ordinary housewife?

He said not to think of unnecessary matters, was Edgar wanting to say that as long as a household where he could feel at ease was established, then it’s fine?

However, they had struggled together to this day only until then, they’ll believe

that they are separating from each other.

“You liar.”

She blurted out.

“Didn’t you promise me to not lie again? And yet, why are you deceiving me again? You don’t trust me?”

Looking as if it were bothersome, Edgar unwillingly got up, faced Lydia and frowned painfully.

“Trust, huh? In that case, to what extent do you trust me? Regardless of what you hear, your feelings won’t change?”

“It’s not like my feelings will change will it?”

“No matter what I do, it won’t change?”

What?

Edgar slowly headed for the doorway, and locked the door afterwards.

This wasn’t his usual joke. His pained expression made Lydia realize this.

“I want you right now.”

“Wh-what are you saying!”

“Even if I said it like this anyhow, will you not grant my wish for me?”

The situation was too abrupt, Lydia could only stand motionlessly still, confused and disturbed.

Although Edgar would do something to make one embarrassed, he treated Lydia earnestly, thus in the corner of her mind, she was convinced that Edgar wouldn't force this kind of thing that would be disgraceful for a girl. Despite that, can she believe that he was being serious about it this time?

"You don't have the means to change yourself just for me? I know that a man requesting this kind of thing before marriage is despicable, yet even if I do this, are you still willing to love me?"

Although Edgar spoke unreasonably, yet it was unknown why he painfully remained standing there, not approaching Lydia nor planning to forcibly touch her.

Even though Lydia's heart was in chaos, she still faintly sensed something.

That is, if she ran away, Edgar would surely be deeply hurt.

In this way, Edgar would gaze at her with a desperate look and she thought that she simply didn't want to hurt him.

When all is said and done, how should I answer? The more she wavered as words did not come out, the more Lydia was unable to respond. She proceeded to move her tense trembling hands towards the ribbon in front of her neck.

Lydia untied her ribbon. But while doing this, she noticed how indecent this matter was, and felt afraid.

Even if the man in front of her was her fiancé, the both of them still weren't married, so this definitely should not happen.

She was definitely unable to refuse, therefore she must bear shame in the future days due to her immoral conduct. But if only she thought of the world's innocent maidens feeling indifferent to this kind of matter due to their ignorance, her mind was filled with unease.

From within the mind a pure innocent maiden appeared casual, her uneasiness grew considerably.

Because Lydia was too embarrassed, she lowered her head and closed her eyes, yet continued to move her hands.

Her hands trembled until they wouldn't obey, so not even one button was undone and tears came falling down at once.

By the time Lydia noticed, Edgar had already grabbed her hand.

"I'm sorry..."

He held her hands and pulled it to his chest as if to calm Lydia's trembling hands and extended the other hand to wipe her moistened cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Lydia, I wasn't myself."

Lydia, with a mood of despair, raised her tearful face.

"Why must you apologize? I simply don't understand this. What should I do in the end? What must I do so that you're willing to tell me the truth?"

Even though Lydia pressed on, Edgar looked perplexed, merely looking at her without a word.

“Will you tell me one day?”

Even this request, Edgar was also unwilling to nod in response, perhaps he decided to not tell any more lies towards Lydia.

If that was the case, then could it be that he planned to always hide this secret in the future? Does he think he can continue on in life harboring this kind of secret?

Lydia pushed Edgar away.

She ran towards the doorway, and when she hastily opened the door lock, Edgar didn't ask her to stay, even after she rushed out of the room.

*

(Earl, you seem to have angered Miss Lydia again.)

He was unable to see the person's figure but heard their voice, it ought to be Coblynau. Edgar knew that even if he turned, he wouldn't see its appearance, so he just sat on the sofa, glancing at the window side.

(Bow the Moonstone is sighing in grief, it said that if the both of you don't get married smoothly, then it will be troublesome.

Even Edgar is more troubled.

That Moonstone engagement ring possessed fairy powers; it is said that it was passed down from Earl Ashenbert's first ancestor and is a symbol of Lydia

becoming the wife of the present master of the Earl's family. Coblynau, who could communicate with the Moonstone was also extremely concerned about how things are progressing on Lydia's and Edgar's marriage.

"Later, I will go and appease her."

Although trying to please her this time seems a little difficult, the person who made a mistake was clearly Edgar.

He hoped that in reality, the sense of their inseparable feelings were already connected. He believed that if it was like this, perhaps he would be able to say it out loud.

Yet his actions made Lydia cry.

Furthermore, it was also for the worst reason.

Although Lydia desperately wanted to understand Edgar, his actual expectations already surpassed Lydia's tolerable limit.

Edgar clearly knew, as long as one was infatuated, even if they were pure, a chaste girl will be unexpectedly bold. On the other hand, he also knew that Lydia hadn't been infatuated at all.

A man who regards affection as a business trade even before marriage, his words cannot be trusted. Lydia was a girl who had this instilled in her in terms of common knowledge, so as long as she isn't infatuated, then she would decide to run away calmly.

Edgar thought that even if it was really like this, then nothing can be done, Lydia's response had betrayed his expectations. The situation that increasingly startled him, was Lydia having an expression of nearly fainting as she had her

hands on the buttons?

(I ask that the both of you reconcile as soon as possible, now is not the time to be quarrelling.)

“Coblynau, what do you mean?”

“This was what Bow said, it said that the sword seems to have unusual changes taking place.”

Edgar couldn’t help but turn toward the window, but sure enough, he couldn’t see the fairy’s appearance.

“Unusual changes?”

(Although I’m not too sure, there is a presence that seems to summon evil forces or something.)

Edgar recalled his dream where he saw a red sword which greatly resembled the Merrow’s sword.

It was a sword that gave him an ominous impression, without knowing why.

Was the Merrow’s sword aware of the red sword’s existence that was summoning these evil forces?

“Has this kind of omen appeared before?”

(Yes, ah, that’s right, I heard that the past Earls would to control these changes, through their own power, so I didn’t let you know.)

Edgar didn't possess that kind of power at all.

"Then if possible Coblynau, what will happen if there's no way to suppress the changes?"

(Bad things may happen.)

"What kind of things?"

(That kind of situation has probably never happened before, even Bow also doesn't know what will occur. It's just that, Earl, it seems that the unusual changes can bring crisis to the Blue Knight Earl's family, so I ask that you be cautious.)

At that time, the master of the red sword wanted to kill and behead Edgar, who possessed the Sapphire sword. It was certainly an ominous dream.

Moreover, Arrow didn't mention it?

He said that the influence that Edgar could bring to the sword will influence his destiny.

If it was truly like that, perhaps the appearance of the ominous changes in the sword was caused by Edgar himself.

As Edgar ought to be the Blue Knight Earl, hidden within his body were the memories of his old enemy, the sword must have sensed this.

Edgar himself was causing the Earl family to get caught up in a crisis. Going on like this, will he, along with the Blue Knight Earl's mission and his pride, become

tarnished together with his sword?

Edgar planned to get married with Lydia and to not speak of the circumstances of this serious matter.

As long as Lydia is willing to stay by my side, I won't lose to the Prince or that sort of person. He said these words as if chanting a wishful spell.

Ahh, But the relationship between me and Lydia is in a horrible state.

Edgar didn't want to think, so he firmly closed his eyes.

*

"What happened Lydia? you're not very cheerful."

After Lota spoke, she gulped down a beer clean in one go.

This pub that she frequently went to wasn't a suitable area at all for an upper class young lady to stay for long. But Lota considered this place like her own home and relaxed, urging Lydia to drink a little.

"Were you nearly attacked by Edgar?"

"Eh!"

Lydia blushed, promptly looking away. Did I hit the mark? Lota clicked her tongue.

"Really, that guy is fully aware of your personality, why couldn't he wait until marriage?"

“....No, he somewhat waited.”

It's just that for Edgar, perhaps the situation was making him feel that it wasn't going anywhere and felt restless, so he urgently wanted to get married.

After all the trouble, Lydia had begun to be consciously aware that she is engaged, but she was still unable to clearly see the end goal known as marriage. As a result, Edgar seemed to be waiting for her all along is what she thought, but sometimes he would suddenly behave in an impetuous manner.

Does this also have something to do with his secret hidden within his heart?

“That said, he seems very worried that you'll be snatched away by someone, so after quarreling he sent someone to keep a close eye you.”

Originally, the narrow inn only had Lota, but now, without knowing why, there was an addition of Raven and Nico.

From the time Lydia ran out of the Earl's residence afterwards, Raven had been following her all along. This was certainly Edgar's command.

“I did not come to monitor, I am an escort.”

Raven, who was at the adjacent table, seemed to protest in correcting Lota's words.

“Another glass!”

After Nico cheerfully finished his beer he called out; honestly, it was unknown as to why he was here.

Because the pub owner saw Nico as simply a cat in his eyes, Lota ordered a beer in his place.

“Old man, give this little guy another glass.”

The owner didn’t think that a cat would drink, thus he placed the beer in front of Raven.

But Raven, from the beginning, did not drink a single sip.

“Well Lydia, if it’s like that, you don’t need to worry. Because that guy, Edgar, seems to really like your “hard to get” attitude.”

Normally, one would really think that.

Yet his recent actions didn’t seem like one of his usual jokes.

Edgar had even asked her whether her feelings wouldn’t change regardless of what she heard.

Lydia thought it was a little frightening. Would she be able to assert that she absolutely won’t change?

She undoubtedly liked Edgar, yet she couldn’t say it. But even if Edgar wanted to have her, she would burst into tears because she felt that the shame and guilt was more intense than her feelings for him.

She didn’t know whether or not she herself could handle this.

Before blaming Edgar for unwilling to tell her the truth, perhaps Lydia ought to behave more maturely.

"How about you guys get married soon? That way, regardless of what cannot be done, perhaps other problems can be settled completely, and you guys won't quarrel again, will you?"

Raven also nodded slightly.

Lydia thought to herself, that it was probably as Lota said. However... although she felt that spending time with Edgar, drinking tea, and the peaceful times of taking a walk was quite pleasant, but even if Edgar's half-jokingly unyielding manner was imminent, she still felt flustered and would want to run away.

Even when the both of them kissed for a relatively long time, the first to move their head away was always Lydia.

Despite that she really wanted to understand him more, she was unable to step forward.

As Lydia sighed, she heard the doorbell ring, proclaiming that a visitor has entered.

Raven immediately got up. Lydia lifted her head and saw a red-headed young man by the doorway, gasping for breath while looking around the inn.

It was that Highlander called Fergus from yesterday.

Once he found Lydia, he hurriedly ran over, and Raven blocked his way.

"Hey, don't stand in the way.... No, now is not the time to be quarreling. Ah,

Lydia, you need to get out of here quickly!"

Get out of here? Just when Lydia felt confused by Fergus' unexpected statement, Raven grabbed him. Although Raven's hand looked quite thin and weak at first glance, Fergus's arm was easily caught by him as he struggled unceasingly.

"...Listen to me... That guy has come..."

"That guy?"

At that split second, the building shook violently.

"Watch out!"

When the oil lamps nearly toppled over, Lota screamed.

Raven immediately grabbed Lydia and Lota's arms and pulled them over, Nico instantly hid under a table, and Fergus also crouched down.

When the swaying finally stopped, there was an approximately ten foot tall giant standing before everyone.

The unimaginable size of his stature made them think that he wasn't human. He wore a black cloak, his entire head was also covered with a hat, so you could only see his chin, but he also held a long wooden magician's staff, which would be associated with ancient times.

Lydia got up from underneath, with the assistance of Lota, and her location wasn't at the narrow pub. It was a vast plain, interspersed with the pub's tables and chairs.

It seemed that the pub owner wasn't involved in the disturbance, but it wasn't known whether they were fortunate or not, because Raven, Nico and Fergus were all brought here.

"Dammit, we were caught."

Fergus spoke in a low voice.

"Mr. McKeel, what is that..."

It's a Trow that resides on my island."

Among the fairies, the giant Trows were considered to be one of the oldest races. Within some tribes, some would get close to people, but there were others that were known to eat people's villages.

Which kind is it? Lydia felt nervous.

"Son of McKeel, why did you intend to run away?"

The giant spoke.

Apparently it seemed to know Fergus. If that was the case, then at least they didn't need to worry about suddenly being eaten, but it was still early to feel relieved.

"You seem to have found the Prophet's fiancée."

What? Is it referring to me?

“Where did you hear that from?”

Despite Fergus glaring at the giant, there was little effect.

“It’s the same from where you heard. Your father once said that within your clan, there is a woman with proficient fairy ability and knowledge, but if that person will become the Prophet’s fiancée, then she ought to be very suitable as our bride.”

Apparently he wanted Lydia as his bride.

While Lydia firmly held Lota’s hand, she thought whether or not she was able to completely escape from the giant’s hands.

“Our clan’s women, by no means will be given to you.”

Lydia recalled one legend, that the giant clan didn’t have women, so they would take away people’s women as their bride. But because they possessed powerful magic, the human women could only give birth to one child, afterwards they would die.

Having said that, the legends also mentioned a witch who still continued to survive after becoming a giant’s wife. They were probably looking for this kind of human.

Lydia absolutely did not want to live together with giants.

But this giant in front gazed at Lydia and Lota, who were behind Fergus.

“Which one is the Prophet’s fiancée?”

Everyone was silent, and the giant then gazed at Lydia's Moonstone ring.

As soon as the giant waved his wooden staff, the ring dropped from Lydia's finger, floating in the air. This ring was clearly granted magic that only Edgar could remove, yet it seemed that Coblynau's magic was ineffective on the giant.

"This ring is powerful. I see, I heard before that humans will give a ring as a symbol of agreeing to marry. You are the Prophet's fiancée, right?"

Lota urgently grabbed Lydia's shoulder, snatched the ring floating in the air and said loudly:

"As, as if! This is my ring! I only lent it to her to wear, that's all."

"Lota!"

"Lydia, don't say too much, hurry and run!"

"Don't talk nonsense."

"It's no problem, I've also been a dragon's bride. You know, I soothed him of his demands."

"That won't do. Giant, listen to me, the Prophet's fiancée isn't her, it's me!"

In order to take the ring back, Lydia argued with Lota.

"Hey, who is it in the end?"

Within the fight to seize the ring, it shot out.

By chance, the ring fell on top of Nico's head, thus the giant turned to look at Nico, who held the ring.

"Is it you?"

He was undoubtedly Lydia's partner, but this pitiless fairy desperately shook his head. After that, as if to clearly state that he had nothing to do with it, he threw the ring away.

Raven caught the ring.

This time the giant was fixated on Raven.

"It's me."

His unchanging face declared these words.

You're a man!

Lydia refuted too late, as the giant snatched the ring from Raven's hands and waved his staff.

"Ugh, how annoying! I'll take everyone away."

The earth emitted a loud sound once again, and the ground beneath their feet was about to collapse.

"Hey, grab me, quick!"

Fergus grabbed a branch and stretched his hand out towards Lydia. However, because the ground shook too violently, she couldn't get across.

“Miss Lydia.”

When Raven pushed Lydia across, he said to her:

“Please return to Lord Edgar’s side. Stay by his side... please save Lord Edgar.”

Save him?

Fergus managed to grab Lydia’s hand.

The surroundings darkened instantly.

“Ahhhhh!”

It was Nico’s voice. His voice gradually became distant, not knowing what their condition was.

“Nico... Raven, Lota!”

Although Lydia shouted, there was no response.

As the surroundings regained light again, Lydia found that she and Fergus, who grabbed the branch, remained on the plains.

“What happened to the others?”

“I don’t know.”

“We must go and save them.”

“That’s impossible. No one is capable fighting the Trows, because the giants of the sun clan won’t die. Furthermore, it is said in the legend that the midnight sun* occurs because they hold up the sun, not letting it fall.”

“Is that giant a descendant of the sun gods?”

“It probably is, so there was never a person who defeated them... Only one teaching was passed down, and that is when the condition, “the sun is swallowed by the sea three times” is established. Only then is it possible to kill the Trow.

“What do those words mean?”

“I don’t know, but regardless of what you think, if there really is a person that is able to kill the giant appears, it’s certainly an ominous sign. My grandfather often said that it was an omen of an era of darkness coming.”

“Then how will we save everyone?”

“We’ll have think about that again later. In short, we can only think of how to return to the human world first.”

This piece of open country, not knowing where it extended to, had no farmland, roads, or any man-made things, because this was a fairy circle.

Furthermore, she was also alone with this person.

Although Lydia was somewhat cautious, Fergus began to walk forward, not minding at all.

“Let’s go up to the hill and take a look, maybe we’ll be able to see something.”

It seems that there was no other way, thus Lydia followed after him.

“Hey, if this continues, won’t Lota will be considered as the bride?”

“Those guys can’t tell the difference between human men and women.”

“What? Then Raven may accidentally become a bride.”

“Only in name. Although their race doesn’t have women, fairies aren’t limited to being born from pregnant women.”

What he said was right. Originally, fairies were a mysterious existence that naturally came into being. Although there were some races among fairies that would get married and have children, they wanted the habits of human things, so they created this kind of custom.

In fact, legends concerning fairies that wanted to obtain a wife, husband or perhaps a child were too numerous to mention. It seemed that imitating humankind, for fairies, was fairly important, it’s just that no one knew the reason why.

“But if Lota and Raven are brought to the giant’s country, their lifespan will be shortened.”

Fergus only nodded his head, seemingly expressing that it was simply

impossible to think now.

“Up until recently, kind of thing has never happened before, as we and the sun giant clan had always coexisted peacefully. Every fifty years, we will form a bridal procession, sending the bride on horseback into their forest. After all, the bride was a doll, so they were very satisfied. Because to their knowledge, they have a bride that won’t die immediately and give birth to a child, so to this day, there haven’t been any problems.”

“Why were the dolls suddenly unable to satisfy them?”

“It seems that it’s because children are longer being born. The islands are unable to grow crops, livestock won’t reproduce, it’s said that humankind is the same. Disease and stillbirths have increased, furthermore, many residents are suffering from the famine. Several of the McKeel clan regions were already ruined. Currently, the island is in this kind of state.”

Was it because the giant race wanted a more useful bride?

Although the giant and clan head had direct negotiations but were rejected afterwards, they knew that Fergus had found Lydia, who was originally to become the Prophet’s fiancée, so they came over to seek her.

“Only the unseelie court have increased incessantly, planning to gnaw away at the life force until there’s nothing left. This must be settled quickly.”

“.....But Mr. McKeel, there’s no way I can help you.”

Fergus turned around a little and scratched his head, perplexed.

“It’s better to call me Fergus, we are relatives. But now is not the time to

discuss this, we must cooperate and leave here.”

When meeting for the first time, his attitude was too straightforward, so Lydia thought he was a person without manners, but apparently he seemed to be an ordinary youth.

Because he was a relative, Lydia strange felt a sense of relief.

Since he is the clan head’s son, prior to her mother eloping and leaving home, perhaps she knew him when he was young. Once Lydia thought of this, she felt more reassured.

“I’ve been watching you all day, but I was discovered by the giant when I wanted to go into the pub, and so it turned out like this.”

Was he trying to apologize?

“That black-haired man wasn’t with you.”

“Are you talking about Patrick? That guy told me not to act rashly, so I secretly left the inn. However it would be good if he were here, as he would’ve been able to handle this a little more directly.”

They managed to climb up the hill, but no matter which direction they looked, it was all plains.

What to do? Fergus crossed his arms.

“Ah! You are also a fairy doctor, correct? Do you know how to get out?”

“I’m sorry, I can’t go through fairy circles alone.”

She needed to rely on Nico for that sort of thing, but unfortunately he was already taken away.

“Is that so... Forget about it, we can only move forward.”

Perhaps they will be able to enter the boundary when moving forward.

Thus, she and Fergus began to walk once more.

“I have to ask you, why did you want to be engaged to that Earl?”

Fergus suddenly asked.

“Eh, well...”

This wasn’t a matter that could be explained simply. Because for Lydia, she also experienced various changes in her feelings.

Of course, the reason was she liked him at last, but perhaps this reason was insufficient to make her determined to step into the status of marriage, which was a large gap.

That being the case, what was the reason?

Where did such strong feelings come from? It’s as if the time when she untied the ribbon in Edgar’s mansion, making others feel at a loss.

“I investigated your matters, and also saw it in newspapers. Women who were

dumped by the Earl wrote confession letters there.”

“That’s gossip.”

“If that is true, then I, as a man, truly feel that he’s quite despicable.”

“That was fabricated.”

At least Edgar wasn’t associated with the kinds of women that would take information and sell it to tabloids. This was spoken out carelessly by Raven, so it ought to be right.

With regards to Lydia, she instead cared more about the woman gazing at her during social parties, and then suddenly leaving the scene crying afterwards.

“However, after deciding to marry, he is still fickle like before, isn’t that so?”

“What?”

“Were you not wiping away tears while running out of that mansion?”

If Fergus was truly following Lydia all along, then it’s only natural that her appearance was seen.

Generally speaking, would quarreling with a fiancé be due to matters like suspicions in extramarital affairs?

Lydia sheepishly lowered her head.

“Perhaps aristocrats having many lovers before marriage is a frequent thing.”

But despite that, shouldn't you reconsider this?

"...It's not like that, you're clearly unable to understand Edgar, yet you say these kinds of words."

"He is a guy who cannot tolerate allowing other men to approach his woman. From first meeting him, I understood."

He angrily pursed his lips, probably recalling the matter where he was shoved down from the top of the stairs.

"He is a playboy who desires to monopolize, and yet he's so violent, he really has a problem."

Indeed, sometimes Lydia thought Edgar's desire to monopolize was quite strong, but she knew that this was because Edgar had needed protect his own possessions.

Regardless of whether it was status, property, or important companions, he hoped that after the painstaking effort of building his fort, that it wouldn't be destroyed once more, because he was a person who had already lost everything.

Was it because he was afraid of losing something, that he would become very impatient?

So long as the more he was concerned with the battle still not ending between Prince, then the more he would be afraid of losing something. If this was true....

"It's not like that, Edgar hasn't done anything wrong, and I'm not quarrelling with him!"

Lydia couldn't help but speak firmly, and Fergus looked surprised.

"Don't tell me you like that Earl?"

What is he saying?

"Because... we are engaged."

"It was because your parents decided that right? Or because that Earl told your father that he really liked you and wanted to marry you? Regardless of how it was, as long as your father puts out a decision, you can only nod in response."

"The engagement was my own decision."

"Alas, this is not surprising. An ordinary girl will like her fiancé chosen by her parents. In other words, if you were educated growing up using the status of my fiancée from the beginning, then you would fall in love with me, don't you think that you'll come to like me?"

He stopped and turned towards Lydia, gazing directly at her face.

"I, I wouldn't come to like you."

Lydia stepped back.

I have to return quickly.

Now is not the time to get into something like a fight with Edgar, I have to stay by his side.

If his heart is concealing some unspeakable matters, I further ought to assist him.

Although she didn't know whether or not she could be of help, perhaps it was just as Raven said, as long as she was able to somewhat save Edgar, then she should disregard the reason and stay by his side.

Lydia turned around and ran.

She didn't know the way back, yet she still ran without turning back. At the same time, she knew that Fergus was chasing after her.

"Lydia, wait a minute!"

He immediately overtook Lydia, grabbing her hand.

"Let me go."

"Don't you see it? You'll fall in!"

Lydia recovered, and found that there was water by her foot. She had run into the river without noticing the circumstances.

But just as she went ashore, the fierce river suddenly rushed over.

"Whoa!"

Fergus shouted, being swallowed by the flood.

Despite Lydia holding her breath and closing her eyes, the water never hit her body.

The sound of water settled down, and the feeling of the water and river by the side of her feet had unknowingly faded away.

She hesitatingly opened her eyes.

Lydia stood on a meadow, there was completely no trace of the river, and Fergus was not seen.

Instead, standing before her eyes was a pitch-black horse.

It was the magical Kelpie who is seductively beautiful, with a sense of terror.

“Yo, you seem well.”

Although Kelpie was a fairy who ate humans, he was fairly close to Lydia. She felt relieved as she relaxed her shoulders.

“Kelpie...! Where have you been all this time? I haven’t seen you all along, I thought you had returned to Scotland.”

Lydia ran towards him, extending her hand in order to confirm this.

Although she hasn’t seen him in only two months, she had a very nostalgic feeling when she stroked Kelpie’s bright mane.

“It’s not like you should worry about me.”

“Yeah, I don’t think you will come across danger.”

Actually, I cared a little bit.

“I thought there are some things that needed to be handled.”

His pearl-black eyes gazing at Lydia made her heart have incredibly mixed feelings. Not knowing whether or not it was because he no longer seemed like before, where he would charge forward for certain things. That’s why, Lydia felt very compassionate.

“But why are you here?”

“I heard the giants captured you, so I tried to find you.”

Lydia felt astonished at this unexpected statement.

“You heard... who did you hear it from?”

“I can’t say. In short, I need to take you back to the human world.”

He urged her to sit on his back.

It seemed that in the area that Lydia was unaware of, many things have happened, that even Kelpie was unwilling to tell her anything just like Edgar.

But now, what she first needed to think over was how to get out of here. Otherwise, there would be no way to rescue Lota and the others.

“Hey, can’t you simply save everyone? Nico, Lota, and Raven were all taken

away by the giant."

Lydia tried to discuss this with Kelpie, but he couldn't help but shake his head and decline.

"I wanted to bring you to safety, I have no interest in other affairs."

"Then what about Fergus? He was washed away by your water."

"That water was only an illusion, it won't drown people."

Lydia thought to herself that since this was the case, he shouldn't have been flushed off too far by the water, and that she should try finding and bringing him back to the human world afterwards.

However, Kelpie approached her and in trying to prevent Lydia from speaking he began to warn her,

"Lydia, you can be a good person, but you need to consider yourself more. The path you chose isn't some broad and open road."

My chosen path.

Was he referring to my engagement with Edgar?

Kelpie spoke with a solemn tone. Did he know the secret that Edgar was concealing within his heart?

"Um, Kelpie...."

"Wait a minute, you don't have a shadow."

Lydia promptly looked under her feet, and there really was no shadow.

"What, why?"

While Lydia mumbled, she realized.

It was because the Moonstone ring was snatched away.

Now that the incredible power that bound her to the ring was gone, she was captured, leaving her in the same situation as the others who were taken away by the giants.

Right now, Lydia's body that was here wasn't complete, so there was no shadow.

She was basically unable to return like this. Even if she knew the way back, she was unable to leave the fairy circle.

Lydia sat on the grass and sighed.

Kelpie, not knowing when he transformed into his human appearance, worriedly sat next to her.

This whole time, he wanted to bring Lydia back to his own homeland, but now, even if he stayed by Lydia's side, he won't demand for such a thing.

Perhaps he had already silently accepted the fact that Lydia chose Edgar.

"Kelpie, I still haven't thanked you yet. Did you not save me at the London bridge?"

He turned his head, looking towards Lydia with a baffled expression.

"You're not angry?"

"Why would I be angry?"

"At that time, I intended to separate you from the Earl."

"I know that you wanted to protect me. But Edgar also didn't give up and ultimately came to find me, so I'm confident that I can trust him."

Kelpie laughed aloud.

"You saying it like this, I'm digging my own grave."

At that time, Lydia had forgotten that she had agreed on engagement with Edgar, therefore in order to make Lydia recall, he put forth great efforts. He clearly did not understand magic at all, yet he complied with his promise and went to see Lydia.

Granted that she was imprisoned by fairy magic, Lydia was a fairy doctor. She would certainly figure out a way to return to Edgar's side.

Lydia was deep in thought, soon after that raised her head and asked.

"Kelpie, can you use changeling magic?"

“What? Of course, after all, I am a fairy.... hey, you wouldn’t want...”

Lydia nodded.

“This is the only way. Right now I belong to a part of the fairy circles, so I can’t return to the human world, correct? However, if you use the changeling method and send me to the human world, then I could get out of here unconditionally!”

“But you need to exchange places with someone.”

That was the problem. Lydia pondered once more.

“Ah! Then how about I exchange places with a doll? My home has a doll made of pottery, so long as my appearance becomes similar with the doll, then if you use exchange magic with it on me, then it’ll be alright.”

In the world of magic, an item with a similar figure was the same thing, so there was no difference between a human and a doll. Using this method was equivalent to exchanging a human; besides, a doll didn’t have a soul, therefore it was unlikely to inconvenience other people.

“Speaking of that, fairy changelings are only similar in terms of appearance to the person who was exchanged, but their inner nature is still the same. In this case, I’m still me, only my appearance, hair color, and so on are different. There will be no problems when living as a human.”

“That isn’t wrong, but weren’t you really concerned that you were possibly a changeling before?”

Kelpie hit the nail on the head. Lydia pretended not to care, but actually it was a

matter that she was very concerned about.

“As expected, is there a problem? If I were a changeling, then it won’t be too good if the changeling magic was repeated on my body?”

“Generally speaking, it’s far from good.”

Kelpie replied bluntly.

“But when I came back from the dragon’s nest previously, nothing had happened.... I’m probably not a changeling.”

However, magic can lead to unexpected situations. Last time, perhaps it was simply because the changeling magic exerted on Lydia’s body was quite strong, so there weren’t any changes. This time, it’s hard to say that there won’t be problems.

But now was not the time to hesitate.

“I am not a changeling. Father said so, thus I believe that I am not.”

Although Lydia made a firm resolution, Kelpie still wasn’t too willing to lend a hand.

“But haven’t you realized the important thing? If your appearance changes, the Earl won’t find out that it’s you.”

“....Right!”

Finally managing to make a firm decision after a while and being aware of this

fundamental problem now as a result, Lydia was at her wits' end in figuring out a way.

"If I state my identity, the changeling magic will be lifted, causing me to return to the fairy circle... how should I do this?"

Perplexed, Lydia pondered endlessly, and after a while had passed, she seemed to successfully shift her train of thought to an optimistic manner. As a result, she raised her head and spoke.

"No problem, even if I myself don't speak, as long as I find a way to make him discover that it's me, then it's fine. Everything will progress smoothly, right, Kelpie? If Edgar is not affected by my appearance, and firmly believes that the person before him is me, then we will have a strong bond between us, a force that won't even lose to the giant's magic which imprisoned me via the ring, isn't that so? In this way, not only will I not be pulled back to the giant's side, but also I can return to the human world with my original body, it truly is killing two birds with one stone!"

However, Kelpie advised her with a solemn expression.

"If things don't go smoothly, you will get hurt."

Perhaps that is the case. However, Lydia was more afraid at the thought of not being able to have Edgar recognise her, compared to the changeling magic possibly having an effect on herself. Despite this, she was still determined.

More importantly, she had to return to Edgar's side.

This was a matter that only she was able to accomplish.

"It doesn't matter, cast the spell. I want to return to Edgar's side. I will certainly think of a way to make him discover my true self, and then think of a way with him to save everyone."

Kelpie got up and sighed at the same time, then pulled Lydia's hand.

In the split second that Lydia realized she was being held, she was already sitting on the pitch-black horse's back, galloping over the plains.

"Kelpie, I'm really glad that you came to rescue me, but perhaps it's better that you don't get involved with me again."

Kelpie didn't want Lydia to get caught up in Edgar's battles. But Lydia was already became intertwined with Edgar's destiny, thus she thought that she shouldn't involve Kelpie.

But Kelpie just laughed it off.

"No matter when, fairies are quite bored. You are simply an object that happens to help me pass the time."

Indeed, the reason why Kelpie was interested in Lydia was because he wanted to pass the time.

Although he said he wanted to marry her, it was different from human love. Previously saying that he wanted to marry her was also because of the same reason, it really wasn't like the love between humans.

But he had different feelings compared to an ordinary Kelpie; that is, the interest towards humankind. He wanted to understand Lydia even more, but she also exceeded the range of a pastime.

“Anyways, leisure is leisure, so I’ve decided to stay aside and protect your destiny.”

Even if he knew that there was no way for him to have Lydia, he still couldn’t seem to quell his curiosity towards her.

“If you want to become an outstanding fairy doctor, listen and remember this point well.”

A steep cliff appeared ahead. Kelpie sped forward not minding at all, and suddenly leapt towards the sky.

“You are the first fairy doctor to earn an aquatic water horse.”

[1] Japanese T/N: Midnight sun is also known as polar day. It’s when the sun is visible for 24 hours, but in this context it would mean that it is always visible according to legends.

Chapter 3: Changeling

Lydia and Raven had already been missing for two days. Edgar motionlessly sat on the sofa in the study room and pondered. Nico and Lota weren't here as well. Their whereabouts were only known up until the pub that Lota frequently went to and where they went to next was completely unknown.

The pub owner said that he didn't remember anything.

Edgar was suspicious of the McKeel men who appeared at the Carlton household a few days ago so it was only logical that he sent "Scarlet Moon" to investigate them.

Recently, only the black-haired man had entered and left the hotel, and it seemed that the red-haired youth wasn't seen. The black-haired man was only in a meeting with his clansmen in London and there didn't seem to be any suspicious activity from him.

What on earth happened?

Edgar closed his eyes, felt irritated in not being able to find a single clue. His mind appeared to be filled with Lydia trembling while shedding tears. If he didn't force her like that, perhaps nothing would have happened. Once he thought of this, regret overwhelmed him.

"Pardon me, my lord."

Despite him praying that Lydia would miraculously and seemingly return when he opened his eyes, it was only Tomkins before him.

"The doctor has left, the young miss ought to wake up very soon."

The butler's words reminded Edgar that he had recently brought back an unfamiliar maiden.

She was at the corner of the street and had suddenly dashed to front of his carriage. Although the coachman had just barely managed to get out of the way and did not cause an accident, the maiden fell to the ground, not getting up.

"Is that so? Luckily, the carriage did not hit her, but because she was frightened and fell down, it seems that she had a slight concussion."

As a result, Edgar brought her back to the residence, but Tomkins looked at him worriedly.

"As soon as she wakes up, I will send her home as quickly as possible. Her attire is quite beautiful, is it not known which family's daughter this young lady is?"

"My lord, please allow me to speak, I think it's best not get too involved with her."

"What are you worried about?"

"I'm worried that you'll carelessly flirt with her."

"Don't talk nonsense. With the current situation, how would I have the mood to do that sort of thing?"

If you weren't in this situation, then you would flirt with her, right? From the seemingly distant look of Tomkin's eyes, it was unknown whether or not he thought that. This didn't bother Edgar as he got up, saying:

"I'll go take a look at her situation."

Edgar headed towards the guest room. Perhaps he was doing this because he wanted to get rid of his fretful mood from waiting and yet not being able to do anything.

When he entered the room, the maid assigned there bowed slightly.

Although the maiden lying on the bed was around Lydia's age, whether or not it was her brown hair or her features, there wasn't any resemblance of Lydia.

But when she slowly opened her eyes, they were a faint green.

Those bright green eyes that greatly resembled Lydia's made Edgar helplessly attracted as he came closer.

The maiden looked at Edgar, who leaned forward and smiled.

That completely unguarded smile made him think of Lydia's, although she wouldn't show it often. But recently the smile that was finally revealed to him made him feel somewhat confused.

"Edgar..."

In addition, she affectionately called out and extended her hand.

While Edgar was astonished, he held her hand, at the same time his heart was warning his abnormal self. Even if he was extremely worried about Lydia, it was only because her eye color was similar, and thus he regarded her as Lydia, but it really wasn't quite right.

As long as he calmed down, then he would understand that a maiden knowing him wasn't strange at all. For Edgar, unfamiliar women having favorable impressions of him were a frequent matter.

He composed himself and then he placed a simple courteous kiss on the maiden's hand.

It seemed the maiden had suddenly came to her senses as she was surprised, hastily getting up.

"Hey, you've woken up? You almost hit my carriage. I took precautions just in case, so I asked the doctor to come and examine you, but you don't seem to be hurt. This is truly great."

She had a confused expression as she looked all around, and then she gazed at the hair that hung down to her chest.

Her expression seemed as if it was the first time seeing herself.

"This is my mansion. Since I don't know who you are, I had no better option but to bring you back first. How do you feel?"

Not knowing whether or not the maiden heard Edgar's words, she only appeared to be touching her face, spreading out her hands before her and repeatedly doing other ambiguous movements. Finally, she had an expression as if she gave up, and looked at Edgar.

"Um... I-I'm sorry, I seem to have given you trouble..."

"No, our coachman also wasn't paying attention, so don't worry about it."

"But, um... you don't know.... who.... I am?"

Edgar immediately replied that he didn't know, after she heard this, she seemingly appeared to be quite discouraged.

"You seem to know me, but unfortunately it's me who can't recall who you are. Have we met somewhere before?"

From Edgar's tone, he seemed used to being recognized by many people and not knowing them in return. This made her look more sorrowful.

"Could you tell me your name?"

"I'm Ly...! Ly, um... uh, Liz."

First, she energetically opened her mouth, but later became hesitant.

"So you're called Liz. Where is your home? I'll send you back, your family will be worried."

Edgar thought of Lydia and Raven, who were suddenly missing, thus he sighed quietly.

As he sighed, he thought to himself that it would be good if it were only a small mishap that happened to them, and that there would immediately be a

messenger informing him that they were back safe and sound.

Edgar waited for Liz's reply, but Liz was suddenly silent. As a result, Edgar gazed at her face.

"What's wrong? You don't want to go back?"

"Um, I..."

"However, we will contact your household first..."

"Um, that.... I can't remember!"

Displaying an action of pressing my forehead as if I have a headache will make it somewhat awkward.

"I wonder where I came from?"

In addition, this sentence was like a thought-up line.

"You can't remember anything?"

"It seems that way."

"But you called my name just now."

"Ah, y-yes... I don't know why... I feel as if I know you."

Liz lifted up her head once more, she seemed very worried, as if she was going to cry at any time.

"That's why, um... I thought that you would recognize me."

Is that true?

Edgar was a little suspicious, as this might be a maiden who liked him and put on a small act in order to approach him, but there was a possibility that Liz really didn't remember.

It's just that the maiden had a genuinely confused, embarrassed expression, and as long as Edgar recalled Lydia's unknown whereabouts and how she may be really worried, he couldn't bear to drive this maiden away.

"I understand. For the time being, have a good rest for today. Perhaps you will remember tomorrow."

*

Lydia stood in front of the mirror and carefully examined her appearance once again.

The person in the mirror was a brunette with a maiden's gentle features; there wasn't a trace of Lydia at all.

Even if one night had passed, Lydia had of course still maintained the appearance of an unfamiliar maiden.

Kelpie used changeling magic on an item, which was a porcelain doll that Edgar gave to Lydia. Edgar said that the doll's eye color was like Lydia's, so he bought it.

Lydia thought that the doll's features were like that, but she felt that the doll was more beautiful than herself.

In short, Lydia used this kind of method to return to the human world, but once she began, she racked her brains thinking of how to get close to Edgar.

After all, with regards to Edgar, she was a strange woman whom he'd never seen before.

Although she paced back and forth in the mansion's vicinity, she couldn't suddenly pay a visit. She pondered whether or not there was any natural way to see Edgar, but because she couldn't think of a way, she sank into despair.

Finally, when Lydia saw Edgar's carriage, she ran forward, but even she was surprised that she came out unscathed.

Afterwards, she was brought back to this mansion, which was practically an unexpected outcome.

Furthermore, even before knowing who "Liz" was, it appeared that she wouldn't be driven away.

However, the problem had only just begun.

Edgar only needed to come and meet her, then he'll certainly realize that she is Lydia.

Lydia needed to get power that could replace the Moonstone ring's power to pull her back to the human world, so there was no other way.

However, was this really possible?

The more she looked in the mirror and was even unable to recognize herself, the more she felt that there would be challenges in making Edgar recognize her. "No — it'll be alright. Edgar also said that even if he closed his eyes and touched someone, he would know who it is."

Even if her appearance was puzzling, as long as there was the opportunity to touch each other, then he will know.

The changeling magic had only changed her appearance. Regardless of the figure or her complexion, with their hands touching, he will intuitively feel that

she is Lydia standing before him.

(Oh my, Miss Lydia, why are you in disguise?

Someone used the name “Lydia” to call her. Shocked, she turned her head.

Sitting by the windowside was a bearded petite goblin with a triangular hat — Coblynau.

“You...recognize me?”

(This is changeling magic, correct? Is this the Earl’s hobby?)

How is this a hobby?

(Goodness gracious, although the Earl wanted to dress the young lady in various kinds of dresses, I didn’t expect him to even want to change your hair and appearance. But overall, this case compared to being interested in other women is better. If, by using this as a pretext, this can change the mood and alleviate the Earl’s fickleness, then this can’t be any better.)

I have no choice but to match the things Edgar does one by one for his fickleness. Lydia thought as she sighed.

Since the changeling magic was a type of weak magic that only changed her appearance, Coblynau was able to recognize her true identity. In addition, he seemed to think that this kind of magic was equivalent to Lydia changing her dress or hairstyle.

“Coblynau, I’m telling you, this isn’t a game, you can’t tell Edgar that it’s me.”

Despite Lydia trying to warn Coblynau, he seemed to misunderstand.

(Ahh, what if there’s a chance that you are suddenly made to run away from the mansion because of this? Ohh! you want to secretly change into a beauty that the Earl would like, and then satisfy his fickleness a little?)

“Eh, no that’s not what this is...”

What do you mean, “a beauty that he would like.” ? Saying this made it seem like Lydia’s appearance wasn’t within his range of preferences.

(I see, it is said that a good wife has her husband wrapped around her finger. It’s only logical that unfaithfulness cannot be forgiven, but excessively restricting them also isn’t too good. If the husband goes out and plays without telling his wife, he would certainly cherish his wife afterwards due to a guilty conscience.)

...Is that what is known happen?

In the time that Lydia was worried, she had already forgotten to retort, so

Coblynau no longer felt doubtful regarding her so-called transformation.
(That being the case, then I, Coblynau, will support the Lady, so please don't worry.)

"Eh, wait a minute!"

(I won't tell the Earl, and please do your best.)

Just like that, his presence disappeared.

Oh no, what am I going to do? But it seemed that he wouldn't tell anyone, so there shouldn't be a problem.

At any rate, if this appearance could truly attract Edgar as Coblynau stated, then the chances of Edgar touching her will increase. Liz's true identity was Lydia, so this wasn't considered as cheating.

Up until now, Lydia thought to herself very optimistically, that if Edgar liked "Liz", then he should discover that she was actually Lydia.

"But..... would my attitude from yesterday be too plain..."

"What was too plain?"

Lydia looked back, surprised, and saw Edgar standing by the doorway.

"Liz, you seem to have recovered."

"Yes, um, thanks to you."

"You still don't remember anything?"

"...I'm sorry."

Liz lowered her head, and Edgar walked over and stroked her hair.

Although Liz was shocked, Edgar answered with a perfect smile.

She recalled that when Edgar did these kinds of actions, there wasn't any particular meaning to it. However, if the both of them didn't take a step further and touched, perhaps he wouldn't discover who Liz was.

"If you feel better, then would you like to head out together?"

"Eh, where to?"

"A tea party of an acquaintance. Maybe someone there will know you and looking for you, or perhaps they will hear about you through rumors."

Despite Lydia believing that there was very little possibility, once she thought of possibilities like the opportunity to approach Edgar, she nodded in response.

Not only do I have to hurry and make him discover my true identity, I must also hurry and rescue everyone from the giant. Lydia felt considerably anxious.

However, Edgar didn't look at Liz very frequently. Although when they took the

carriage and left for the destination, or when they arrived at the mansion where the tea party was held, Edgar was escorting politely. Yet because the both of them didn't seem to frequently have eye contact, she felt that it was odd. Before, Lydia never noticed that he would look at her frequently when they were alone, but she knew that whenever she looked towards Edgar, he was certainly gazing at her.

It can't go on like this. She had to make Edgar more interested in her. But even though she thought that, she couldn't figure out a good way to.

It goes without saying, Lydia had never taken the initiative to attract Edgar's interest from the very beginning.

But expectedly, it was Edgar who showed his passion every time causing her to be mindful of herself as she was still a maiden, thus she had to keep an appropriate distance from him.

In the end, how would she be able to take the initiative and shorten the distance between them?

During the time she was worried, the tea party had begun. The host was some baroness.

Although Lydia was introduced as "Liz", Edgar seemed to want to offer extra cabaret for the party. Deliberately not speaking of which family she was from, he planned to grab everyone's attention.

He had a smile across his whole face like a mischievous child, proudly inquiring whether or not there was someone who knew Liz's identity.

However, as Edgar's gaze left Liz, his smile completely disappeared from his face. Lydia thought that he ought to be worried about Raven and herself.

Although Lydia didn't know what the situation with Raven was, she really hoped that she would be able to explain the situation to Edgar as soon as possible. If he knew that Lydia was in front of him, at least he would receive a bit of comfort. However, Lydia was unable to speak this fact out, and this made her feel impatient.

Despite that, regardless of who spoke with Edgar, he would show his usual flawless smile.

Lydia knew that he was good at hiding his true feelings, but because of this, she wouldn't understand how miserable he felt with the secret he was harbouring. Thinking this, she couldn't help but feel ashamed.

At that time, Edgar cried for help towards her, and Lydia also really wanted to save him. However, perhaps he felt that Lydia was unable to handle that secret, so he didn't bring Lydia to step over that boundary of what she considered as "lovers".

"My, you must certainly be a foreigner."

Lydia heard someone talking to her and came back to herself.

"Are you Eastern European?"

"No, I've seen young ladies with very similar mannerisms like you in Rome."

When Lydia noticed, no, when she noticed as Liz, she was already surrounded by several men.

"Where did you meet Edgar?"

"Umm that..."

"Is it a secret? You want us to try guessing, right?"

"Perhaps she's a close person to Earl Ashenbert, such as his fiancée's relative."

"Ahh that's possible, bringing a female friend to take part in this kind of social party, if his fiancée knew, she would certainly have suspicions."

"Indeed. The last time he brought his fiancée, he truly seemed to be charmed by her as his eyes were shining, yet glaring at us and not letting us approach."

Eh, was it like that?

Contrary to what one might expect, Lydia hadn't noticed at all. She then remembered that regardless of whichever party she attended previously, she never seemed to have been surrounded by men like now.

"The Earl's fiancée couldn't come because she had urgent matters, right? Since you're replacing her attendance, you are surely are a relative of the Earl's fiancée."

"How about that? Did I guess right? Or are you Edgar's relative?"

It can't go on like this, I didn't come here to make friends with them.

Lydia painstakingly left their conversation circle, but this time she wanted to approach Edgar, once again using her efforts.

Girls gathered around him in large numbers.

When Lydia went to banquets as herself, it was never like this, so she was a little surprised.

Sure enough, Edgar was very popular.

Witnessing this scene made her feel more restless.

According to this situation, even if Lydia apparently wasn't present, he could immediately find one or two comforting women.

I don't want this. Lydia shook off this idea, and planned to approach him. But she was deliberately bumped into by people, and the girls having a conversation in front of her also obstructed her way.

Edgar didn't notice Liz at all.

Everyone alternately spoke with him uninterrupted, so he seemed quite busy.

At this time, there was some individual pulling Edgar's arm wanting to bring him out, seemingly inviting him to head towards the balcony.

Lydia was blocked by the tables and the crowd, simply unable to move smoothly.

Moreover, she wore a dress with a crinoline, and was unable to pass through from behind the crowd.

Not knowing why, she felt a little dizzy.

"Edgar."

Lydia couldn't help but call out, and as a result, everyone's gazes simultaneously shot towards her.

People looked at her with an astonished expression, as loudly calling another person in social occasions was quite discourteous.

Embarrassed, Lydia wanted to break into a run, but even moving her body was endlessly challenging.

She didn't know what to do, and could only stand here. Edgar nimbly passed through the gaps between the ladies' dresses and came to her side, and for her, this really was a kind of salvation.

"What's wrong?"

"There are many people here, I don't feel too well."

"Then we'll go to the flower garden, you should rest a little."

Lydia breathed a sigh of relief, was lead to the flower garden by Edgar, and sat on the pavilion bench.

This place had a vast flower garden, it was truly a mansion that was worthy of being built on the outskirts.

A pond could be seen from within the pavilion, and on top was a supported wooden bridge. The wide field of vision made her feel quite cheerful.

"Wait for me for a bit, I'll go and get a cold drink."

Lydia nodded.

Her stomach discomfort was able to settle because she was far from the sounds of the crowd and had escaped the hot and stuffy indoors.

Originally, Lydia revealed that she wasn't very able to adapt to parties, but since the engagement, the opportunity to show her face had suddenly increased. Be that as it may, when she was together with Edgar, she never once felt that attending parties were a tormentous thing.

She thought to herself, Edgar truly protected her in all respects.

However, when he really needed to be rescued, she couldn't do anything to help.

Lydia couldn't help but loathe her naiveness.

Compared to protecting the person precious to her, could it be that respecting the world's etiquette and common sense were more important? This was simply wrong.

Unable to say "I love you", Lydia, who always expressed an embarrassed attitude, in fact she truly didn't understand the meaning of love.

Lydia heard a sound from the thickets, and raised her head.

At first, she thought had Edgar returned, but appearing in front of her were actually the girls who had surrounded him a moment ago.

They were laughing.

The girls snickered while approaching Lydia.

Lydia was still sitting on the bench, and among them, one person put their hand on her shoulder.

"W-what is it?"

The girls didn't reply, silently pushing Lydia down, not letting her get up. Then, they grabbed her feet and took off her shoes.

Afterwards, they took the shoes and broke into a run.

"Wait a minute, give it back!"

Although Lydia chased after them barefoot, and when she almost caught up, they threw the shoes towards the pond.

"Ah....!"

Her shoes landed on a small island in the middle of the pool, but thinking about it, it wasn't a simple matter at all.

The girls saw Lydia's extremely perplexed expression and sneered once more.

"Why must you do such a thing!"

"Are you not ashamed of running in front of the Earl barefoot?"

"If you're that girl's relative, surely you're also born from the commoners, so being barefoot shouldn't matter, right?"

The girls finished speaking and left soon afterwards. Lydia turned away from them and sighed heavily.

They were unable to do this kind of thing to Edgar's official fiancée, so they took revenge on the maiden with unknown origins that he brought by coincidence. The one they wanted to bully was actually Lydia. But Lydia had not only visited Her Majesty the Queen and made her debut in noble society, at least on the surface, she already wasn't a commoner.

On the other hand, "Liz" was like them; they were not the woman chosen by Edgar. However, she called out to him using an attitude as if she were the most special, so they felt resentment towards Liz.

Lydia sighed dejectedly.

If she returned to the mansion barefoot, she would certainly make Edgar embarrassed.

She headed towards the middle of the bridge on top of the pond and looked downwards.

The small island with lush vegetation was just below the bridge, and perhaps she could go down from here.

This bridge was built from round wood; a simple wooden bridge only for walking, and it wasn't very high.

A gust of wind blew, the sky was covered with clouds, and water droplets fell.

It was raining. She needed return before the rainy condition became worse.

Determined, Lydia jumped onto the island then looked towards the bottom of the bushes.

She quickly found the shoes, but she discovered a serious problem.

Jumping down was very simple, but climbing up the bridge once more was a very difficult problem.

"...What am I going to do?"

She tried several times, but there was no way.

The bridge was soaked by the water, so even if she wanted to climb up, her hands would slip.

"Liz!"

After not knowing how many times she had fallen, Edgar's voice came.

"What are you doing? It's too dangerous!"

Edgar hastily ran over, gazing down from the bridge.

"Um, my shoes fell."

"Never mind that, grab on to me quickly."

She grabbed the hand that was extended towards her. When Edgar leaned forward, his pocket watch slipped out of his pocket, falling into the pond. But he didn't mind at all and held Liz's body, gently and cautiously pulling her up, not letting her fall.

"Are you okay? It's raining heavier, let's talk later and go back to the pavilion first."

"But your pocket watch....."

"Don't worry about it."

Lydia ran forward, her hand being pulled by him.

The moment they ran into the pavilion, a flash of lightning tore through the sky. Lydia was startled, and when she subconsciously held onto Edgar, she thought that now was the only opportunity.

She didn't know how she ought to create the opportunity to touch him, so if she let this slip, then there was no way to hold Edgar like this again.

I beg you, hurry and find out that it's me.

While Lydia prayed, she used her hands to embrace his back.

I'm here, I'm right here.

I returned in order to stay by your side.

Edgar's hand touched her shoulder. It was the pair of hands that would usually embrace her without the slightest hesitation. These hands originally ought to embrace her powerfully like as she imagined, even powerful enough to make her feel bewildered, but now he slowly pushed her away.

Lydia didn't dare to confidently look up at him.

Edgar was probably hugged by girls frequently, and only had an expression as if nothing happened.

"You're afraid of thunder? My fiancée is the same."

Lydia heard him mention herself, therefore she was shocked.

"Although she always said that she wasn't scared, as long as the thunder was

loud, she would unconsciously panic."

Regardless, this was better compared to Edgar not recognising her. This made her feigned brave attitude of wanting to retort the usual "I wasn't flustered because of the thunder" somehow disappear.

Edgar looked up at the sky with flashes appearing from time to time, gently narrowing his eyes as if he were gazing at Lydia.

He repressed his mood of suffering and thought of Lydia, but he didn't notice the truth before him.

Edgar refused Liz, showing that he had great affections for Lydia. However, for Lydia who had transformed into another person, because she was unable have him look at her, her heart was filled with despair.

*

Lota, Raven, and Nico were in a tiny dark burrow.

This empty space seemed to be a hollowed out rock. Surrounded by rock walls all around, there was nothing like an exit.

The giant had placed them there, and passed through the wall to exit afterwards. They didn't know how much time had passed since the giant hadn't returned.

Lota wanted to discuss with the two men behind her on how to escape from here, but once she thought that they were fundamentally unreliable, she kept silent.

Although Raven had outstanding fighting abilities, he should be completely unable to formulate battle plans. Right now, he was closing his eyes and was motionless, and she did not know whether or not he wanted to conserve his physical strength in order to deal with emergencies.

The other one was Nico. He initially complained without end that his belly was hungry, and now he seemed angry, lying on the ground. But originally, Lota was unsure of what he was able to do. "Hey, is this place where the giant came from?"

Lota gradually could not bear to keep silent, thus she took the initiative to open her mouth and inquire.

"That guy's place is very far. He should be here waiting for the connecting path

to arrive back."

Nico replied.

"If the connecting road arrives, then won't someone among us go and get married with the giant?"

Nico slowly got up, looking at her with that implied a meaning.

"Hey, didn't you say that you were willing to be the bride! Then you should go and be one. As long as you pretend that you're the ring's bearer, then Raven and I, who have nothing to do with this matter, can be free."

"What did you say? How cruel! Raven, did you not also say just a moment ago that you were the ring's owner? In order to be fair, we'll gamble to decide."

Lota took out a coin from her pocket. This was frequently used by pirates, a fraudulent coin with both sides being the same.

"I refuse."

Raven calmly opened his eyes, but replied with a firm tone.

"Apart from being Lord Edgar's soldier, I am unable to assume other roles."

"Then why on earth did you say that you were the fiancee?"

"It was in order to protect Miss Lydia."

"You don't intend to protect me!"

"No matter what happens to you, it won't be detrimental on Lord Edgar."

Lota angrily scratched her head.

"Arghh! Why was I captured together with these guys! I'm better off alone!"

Lota angrily threw the coin towards the rock wall.

As a result, the coin seemed to disappear as it passed through the rock wall.

"Eh? H-how did that happen?"

Lota touched the rocks with her hands, but there was no hole or mechanism.

She only touched rough rocks.

Nico hastily stood up and cautiously looked there. After that, he crossed his arms and mumbled "ahh."

"Then it's decided, Lota. It's better for you to be alone, correct?"

"What? What's going on?"

"Raven and I are going to leave here and ask for help, you'll stay here and think of a way to not let the matter of Lydia being the ring's true owner be exposed."

"Hold on, who are you going to ask for help? Don't tell me it's that guy Edgar? Will he face the giant head-on in order to save me?"

"He will certainly abandon you."

Although Lota was fully aware, for Raven to go as far as saying it so plainly still made her quite irritated.

"However, concerning Lydia's ring, the Earl will probably take action."

I see, that was one thing Nico was best in, saying these sorts of things.

"The Earl is unable to withstand magic, but as long as he has the Blue Knight Earl's title, it's possible that the giants would be willing to talk to him. Until then, you'll need to endure and be patient for a bit, Lota."

You've got to be kidding me. Lota thought to herself.

By saying that it was only possible, she won't be able to feel at ease at all.

"But Nico, you going to get out of here or something? If that's the case, then everyone should escape together."

"I found a small crack in the magic, but regarding the use of my magic, bringing one person out is the limit, and bringing two people is too much. If I exhaust my power en route, then you guys, who have no choice but to pass through the rocks, will be buried inside."

Merely imagining it made her shiver.

It seemed that there was no other choice.

Besides, Lota originally believed that there was no harm in being Lydia's substitute.

When Lydia was in the dragon's incident, she saved Lota. Lota originally wanted to be a pirate for a lifetime, but when she was lost and unable to throw away the feelings of wanting to meet with her blood-related grandfather, it was Lydia who had subtly supported her.

It was only because she knew that strong human bonds could repel fairy magic, she believed that her grandfather, having the resounding title of the Grand Duke of Cremona, would acknowledge her, who was raised by pirates.

That being the case, the friendship between her and Lydia shouldn't be cut off by magic.

"I understand, as long as I stay here, thinking of a way to not letting the giant not discover Lydia's identity will be better."

After Nico nodded, he jumped onto Raven's shoulder. Nico sighed in relief.

"This time we're finally able to return. Well, Raven, run straight forward with all your might."

Although he had to collide directly towards the rock wall, it was Raven who seemed to not feel fear, dashing in without hesitation.

They disappeared without a trace.

“Will they really remember to come and rescue me?”

One was a cat with a negligent manner, one was Raven, whose mind only thought of Edgar. It seemed like once they got out, they would forget about Lota.

No, things like that didn’t matter.

Me staying behind is all for Lydia. In order to shift the giant’s attention away from Lydia, I stayed behind. She mumbled in order to comfort her lonely self.

*

As long as Edgar, within his drowsy state summoned Arrow before he sank into sleep, he would mysteriously appear as a clearly seen figure in Edgar’s dream. It seemed that he could only contact this fairy in his sleep. Perhaps, this was because Edgar was merely an ordinary human, and didn’t have sufficient power to make the sword fairy’s incarnation appear in its actual form.

In order to talk with the fairy, it was unknown how many times Edgar had tried speaking. Once he recalled that the fairy initially appeared in his dream, he seemingly tried to have that previous dream. But recently, he had been unable to fall asleep, therefore he was confused until he was absolutely vexed with regards to being unable to control his sleep.

However, today he seemed to have finally caught him at good timing.

Perhaps it was because Arrow brought Edgar’s dream close to reality, therefore even if he was in a dream, he was still half-awake.

At any rate, he couldn’t let this opportunity slip by, so he asked about the things that he really wanted to know.

“Do you know the whereabouts of the Moonstone?”

Arrow, as the Star Sapphire in the sword, and Bow, who resided in Lydia’s Moonstone ring, became a paired existence. These two weapons were originally the belongings of the first Blue Knight Earl’s consort.

Because of this, the Moonstone ring became Lydia’s engagement ring.

It is said that even if Arrow and Bow were separated, they would be able to

know each other's whereabouts.

(My lord, currently I only know two things. First, Little Bow seems to be in the hands of someone with formidable magic, so I am unable to call it. In other words, it's possible that your fiancée was imprisoned by them, or that they snatched the ring away.)

"Are they human?"

(They shouldn't be human, rather, some existence who has strong magic in itself.)

Edgar sighed. This time, it really had something to do with fairies.

Since Lydia was watched attentively, he didn't think that this was simply an incident caused by fairies.

Among this, it might involve a human's plot.

Would it be that Highlander called Patrick? Or was it Ulysses?

"If the situation changes, let me know."

(I understand.)

"By the way Arrow, Little Bow seemed to have informed Coblynau that an ominous sign appeared from the sword. Have you noticed anything?"

As long he placed the sword by his bedside when he slept, Edgar wouldn't have nightmares again, but even he was unable to understand the sword's condition.

(I have felt the changes, but I don't know whether or not it's an ominous sign.)

"But you said that this sword would grow according to the influence I have. In other words, it's possible that it will grow towards the ominous direction."

(My lord, the sword will change according to your desires. Provided that you do not wish for ominous results to appear, then everything will simply be unnecessary anxiety.)

He didn't know whether or not Arrow disappeared. Edgar sank into a deep sleep, and when he recalled this conversation, it was already the next day in the early morning.

When Edgar arrived at the Strand coffee house on the main street, Paul was already waiting for him. He was a liaison between Edgar and the "Scarlet Moon." Once he saw his unenthusiastic facial expression, without waiting for him to talk, Edgar knew that he was unable to obtain major information about Lydia and the others.

"Hey, Paul, I picked up a girl recently."

As a result, Edgar didn't inquire about how Paul's circumstances were, rather he chatted about a completely unrelated topic.

"She can't seem to remember where her home is, so I'm keeping her in my mansion for the time being."

"Eh! ...Is that okay?"

Paul frowned as this seemed to be a serious matter.

"Why is everyone so worried? I don't want anyone besides Lydia."

I don't need anyone else.

Edgar believed that as long as he could get Lydia back, he was willing to do anything.

"In that case, if you create a misunderstanding when Lydia returns, won't it be troublesome?"

"Yeah, that's why Paul, you also need to help me speak. Can you testify for me? Say that I was kindly taking care of the pitiful lady and had no ulterior intentions."

"Whaat?"

Edgar believed that he had no ulterior intentions but whenever he looked at Liz, he had the urge to call her Lydia.

Regardless of when, even at the tea party, it was the same at the time when there was a sudden thunderstorm. As long as Liz depended on him, he would feel that it was Lydia depending on him.

Lydia, who usually feigned bravery, would rarely show her unease, but once she displayed this kind of appearance, Edgar would want to recklessly embrace her. At the time, he was filled with distress.

When looking at her, will I overlap her together with Lydia, who is probably somewhere crying for help?

As long as the matter was linked with fairies, Edgar, who had the Blue Knight Earl's title was in vain and was completely helpless. Would Lydia worry about him being like this?

"Will Lydia feel happy, being together with me?"

"Um, Earl, please don't be so discouraged."

"Although she tried to display the appearance of a lover, regardless of whether it was the engagement or marriage, they were fairly exhausting matters. Perhaps she didn't feel happy at all, because I asked for too much of her."

"But, Miss Lydia pondered very earnestly over the gift that she wanted to give you."

Edgar understood this point. Lydia was a faithful girl.

Even if she knew of the matter that took place between Edgar and the Prince, perhaps she wouldn't change.

But after the matter is exposed, can Lydia truly feel happy from the bottom of her heart when staying by his side?

"Paul, could you forgive your father's enemies?"

Paul tilted his head, seemingly feeling very puzzled as the topic suddenly changed.

"If it happens that Prince hasn't completely died."

Edgar did not intend to say much more, but this was also his first time mentioning the possibility in front of a Scarlet Moon member who detested the Prince.

"Scarlet Moon" had been fighting alongside Edgar against the Prince since the beginning, but now, it's possible that Edgar had become their enemy.

"It already doesn't matter to me. As far as I'm concerned, "Scarlet Moon" is an artists' guild which my father was once a part of, and I became a member in order to protect myself. Furthermore, I simply want to help you.

Edgar could only pray to himself that he wouldn't betray Paul and the "Scarlet Moon" members as a companion.

"Thank you, Paul. Oh, by the way, concerning that man named Patrick, I'm meeting with him here later."

"Eh, is it that man who may quite possibly have something to do with Miss Lydia's disappearance?"

"It's him who said he had something to tell me. You're willing to accompany me, right?"

"Yes of course, but Mr. Raven isn't present at the moment. No matter what, there's no way for me to serve as your guard, Earl."

"I tell you, Paul, I'm not so weak, it's just that you need to protect yourself."

Ahh it seems he's come. Edgar said this while looking out the window, then Paul nervously straightened his back.

Immediately, there was a black-haired man pushing open the entrance door. He seemed to be alone, this made Paul feel relieved for the time being. He

seem worried that the other man would bring a strong Highlander man.

Patrick quickly found Edgar, thus he walked over towards the seat.

“Earl Ashenbert, I apologize for suddenly calling you out.”

He removed his hat, courteously beginning to talk. Edgar asked him to be seated, and waited for him to propose a request.

“To tell you the truth, my companion from before, Fergus McKeel’s whereabouts are unknown.”

Granted that “Scarlet Moon” sent people to keep a close watch, they hadn’t seen Fergus leave the hotel. As a result, Edgar already thought that perhaps he wasn’t at the hotel. But his whereabouts were unknown, which made him feel that it was unexpected.

Moreover, the day Fergus disappeared was also the same day that Lydia and Raven went missing.

After Patrick more or less finished speaking, Edgar still remained silent. He felt that informing Patrick of his side’s intelligence was still a tad too early.

This time, Patrick raised a question.

“Earl, may I take the liberty to ask where Miss Carlton is? I heard my friend say that you didn’t escort your fiancée, but rather an unfamiliar woman to attend some tea party.”

“Sometimes there will be this kind of circumstance.”

However, Patrick ignored Edgar’s answer and continued to speak.

“Fergus went to see Miss Lydia and didn’t return afterwards. If it’s possible, I wish to ask Miss Lydia, but she did not seem to be at home. If it isn’t you hiding your fiancée, then shouldn’t we share information?”

He seemed to be convinced that Lydia and Fergus disappeared together.

Patrick’s side, of course, sent someone to monitor the activity surrounding Edgar.

Although this was within Edgar’s range of expectations, for Patrick, not only was it Fergus, but even Lydia also disappeared altogether. This point seemed quite important. This was the problem.

Since he had this kind of response, it meant that he definitely knew the cause.

“But according to what you just said, it seems like your young master mindlessly kidnapped my fiancée.”

Edgar cautiously began to speak, still not mentioning the fact that Lydia wasn’t

here.

“No, I’m afraid that Fergus was also kidnapped with her.”

Patrick firmly spoke.

“Kidnapped by whom?”

“I only have one clue. But for some reason, there’s something occurring that doesn’t match up with this clue. So to say, Earl, you ought to have some clues, right?”

Of course, Edgar was worried about the possibility that it was Ulysses operating behind all of it, but he didn’t want to explain it to this man.

“What’s going on?”

“Unseelie Court are lingering around me. Although they are merely inconspicuous goblins, yet they seem to be monitoring me.”

“In other words, you’re saying that it has something to do with the Unseelie Court?”

“Those fairies rarely move outside their own territory, someone ought to be controlling them.”

“You think I know who it is? But didn’t you tell me this at the beginning? Saying that although I called myself the Blue Knight Earl, perhaps I already lacked that power from long ago. In fact, what you said wasn’t wrong. Regardless of whether it’s an Unseelie or Seelie Court, I can’t see them, nor do I know where they are and what they are doing.”

“That being the case, I can still aid you in finding Miss Lydia.”

This man was a fairy doctor. For Edgar, who completely did not understand fairies without Lydia by his side, he would only hit walls everywhere continuing on like this.

However, could he be trusted?

Were the Unseelie Court really moving about? Edgar was unable to confirm this point, and had no other choice but to accept what he said.

“If you want to save Fergus, can’t you handle it yourself? For example, catching suspicious goblins, or thinking of other ways.”

Patrick fell silent and did not speak any further.

He seemed to be thinking about whether or not he wanted to speak of the information at hand.

“The reason why I concluded that I would unable to that, is because it’s possible

that something by your side could be a clue."

Edgar and Paul glanced at each other.

"That woman staying in your mansion has an Unseelie Court following her around. Would this be by chance?

Liz's side?

Edgar barely managed to swallow that name.

Chapter 4: The truth unseen

The mistletoe pattern that glowed in Lydia's hands exuded a brilliant silver light.

Even if this new pocket watch's writing on the surface could only be clearly seen under the candle light, the wooden engraved decorative patterns on top was also beautiful charm against evil spirits, so Edgar would surely like it.

Lydia had been worried about the pocket watch that had fallen into the pond a few days ago and therefore, she thought of it as an engagement gift for Edgar. Although Lydia hurriedly went to the pocket watch shop and managed to buy one, when she carefully thought about it again, she felt as if she was still unable to give the gift to him.

And there would be no meaning whatsoever to give it to him before "Lydia's" appearance could be recovered.

However, she did not know when she would be able to return back to her original appearance. Perhaps she won't be able to come back again.

There hadn't been any progress, and she couldn't think up of any good ways. It seemed like it was another day wasted, and the sound of rain made Lydia increasingly depressed.

The rain that had fallen since dusk became increasingly violent as it beat against the window. Occasionally, there had been strange flashes in the distant sky.

Recalling the thunderstorm that she came across during the tea party, Lydia's mood became even more depressed. Fortunately, the thunderstorm was only heard from a vague distance, so even if she was alone now, she wasn't particularly afraid.

The sounds of the clock in the hall chiming blended in with the sound of the rain, signalling the approach of late evening.

Edgar still hadn't returned. Lydia wasn't prepared to rest, thus she quietly waited in her own guest room.

Lately, she had not seen Edgar's figure. The mansion was quite extensive, and he was always running errands. Even if not being able to meet was quite normal, Lydia felt a lot of pain.

Lydia thought that even if she took a glance and if possible, she also wanted to

tell him "good night". Therefore, she hadn't changed her clothes and was like this, waiting all along.

Because she carefully tried to listen to the rain, and tried to discern the sound of the carriage, she pretended to occasionally just pass by in the hall. With that, she felt she'd be able to see him for sure.

However, he still had not seemed to come home yet.

Lydia stood up, determined.

Holding a candle light in one hand, she left the room, went towards the depths of the corridor, and walked up the private stairwell.

When Edgar brought her here, it was only a few days ago, but to Lydia it felt like it was so long ago.

Lydia thought as she opened the door to the bedchamber.

Within the dark, the distinct light blue blended, like the feeling of being lured into the sea. Lydia entered the room, placed the candlestick on the table and slowly looked around.

"Will I be able to live here?"

Before when she stood in front of Edgar, she felt endlessly shy and so was not able to reveal her happy emotions so straightforwardly.

As she looked around the room, she unknowingly began to feel excited; in her heart, she even began to look forward to getting married soon now but even then, she just wasn't able to change such feelings into words. However, it was her sincere hope to somehow at least convey these special feelings to Edgar.

Lydia went to the front of the chest.

She opened the uppermost drawer, and quietly put the silver watch inside.

Perhaps I'll never be able to set foot in here again. She hated herself for having that kind of thought, and was slowly unable to leave the room, simply gazing at the pocket watch.

When the rainy conditions became worse, Edgar returned to the mansion. He had been sitting in the frequented club for a long time and thinking about what Patrick said the whole time.

Were Liz and Ulysses in correspondence?

Ulysses was a person who used the Unseelie court as servants.

But, Patrick said that it really wasn't a goblin or some small fairy lingering by Liz's side, but rather it was a fairy with stronger power.

In the moment that Patrick and the fairy saw each other, its presence faded away.

Although he didn't see it clearly, it seemed to be a powerful fairy who could transform into a human appearance.

Was Liz aware that there was an Unseelie Court following her side?

She didn't seem to be a person who was good at lying, or was she putting on an act?

Within the hall in the dead of night, Edgar set foot on the stairs, and went directly to his room.

If Liz seriously knew Lydia's whereabouts, he would do anything to make her tell. But Edgar did not trust Patrick at all. If he wasn't able to first determine whether or not Liz was a friend or foe in this situation, he didn't have the confidence to thoroughly force any interrogation on her.

If by any chance she arbitrarily asserted that she was not related with Lydia, so as a result any clue couldn't be obtained, was he willing to become a villain? But once he started to press for an answer, he couldn't stop midway. In order to be resolute, Edgar required a little more time to consider things again.
(Earl, you don't seem well.)

He soon saw the decoration of flowers in the corridor floating in the air.

"You know the reason, Coblynau."

Edgar sighed heavily and said that at the same time.

(You mean the matter with Miss Lydia? Hehe, then let me bring your spirits up.)

"Please leave that for next time."

He had no intention to stop and walked straight past the vase.

(Why don't you go to the master bedroom and take a look?)

Edgar was unconsciously startled. When looking back, the flower had already fallen down on the floor. Coblynau seemed to have disappeared.

What's in the master bedroom?

Edgar broke into a run without thinking about another thought.

If he had calmed down, then he would have realized that it was simply impossible, yet he thought that it was Lydia who had returned.

That was his and Lydia's room. He believed that it was impossible for another person to go in.

As he quickly opened the door, he saw a swaying person's figure waiting in a

dark corner. The room only had a candlelight, thus it was hard to avoid regarding the person's figure as Lydia.

"Lydia..."

He ran over and embraced her.

Her slim shoulders and rigid body due to being at a complete loss, that was the Lydia that he knew.

He was unable to maintain his self-control and kissed her. For as long as his lips had been kissing hers so anxiously, Lydia also firmly kept her lips sealed against his, not responding the least bit, and thus compelled to keep the same attitude. Edgar called her name over and over again.

He even felt that her hair had the fragrance of chamomile.

But when she slightly moved the surface of her body so as to face the candlelight, the light shined on her and Edgar was shocked.

He didn't need to move away from her in order to immediately confirm; standing there wasn't the caramel color-haired Lydia, rather it was a young girl with brunette hair.

Edgar slowly left Liz, who was gazing at him.

"Why.... are you here....."

Liz, with a look of disappointment, lowered her eyes.

"I'm sorry, I thought you were Lydia."

Feeling as if he were suddenly pushed into prison, Edgar leaned on the walls, exhausted.

"Um, I....."

"If you're angry, then slap me."

She still hung her head, not raising her hand to slap him, nor planning to leave. Edgar started to feel very anxious. He knew perfectly well that the one to be admitting any mistake is him, that he was the one to commit wrong, yet he could not tolerate Liz staying in there.

"If you don't want to hit me, then can I ask you to get out?"

This time she looked up surprised.

"This is the room prepared for Lydia."

Although she nodded to him, she wanted to approach Edgar.

In order to stop her, Edgar spoke.

"I'm sorry, please forget what happened just now, the person I embraced was

Lydia."

Liz stopped and was silent for a moment, apparently unharmed, and spoke with a firm tone.

"Then let us regard it as such."

The flame to the candlelight was extinguished as Liz blew it out. Apart from the sky being occasionally lit up by lightning, the illumination of the room was lost, and only the sound of rain could be heard.

When the sky emitted a bright flash once more, Liz stood in front of Edgar and took his hands.

"Now, take me as Lydia."

She pressed both his hands on her cheeks. In the dark, her face could not be seen clearly, so Edgar felt that it was the contours of Lydia's face.

Why does this girl make me think of Lydia?

Edgar for a split second wanted to give up thinking about it. If he were to regard her as Lydia, even if it was only for a very short time, then he could also let his tired heart obtain rest.

Not knowing when, Liz had already leaned against Edgar's chest. And in a firm resolve, she whispered softly:

".....Edgar, I love you....."

These were the words that Edgar had been anticipating for a long time.

However.....

Lydia never took the initiative to embrace him like this, but also, even the word "love" she was unable to say.

She was not Lydia.

"Do you really think this is alright?"

Edgar himself was surprised at his particularly cold tone.

"You want me to embrace you, somebody of an unknown origin, in spite of my beloved person. Are you saying you like men who engage in such kinds of affairs?"

Liz was surprised and lifted her head, using a perplexed expression as she looked at Edgar.

She wanted to escape, but Edgar grasped her shoulders and pressed her to the side of the wall. Perhaps it was his rough attitude which made her frightened, as she extended both her arms, wanting to push Edgar away.

Take me as Lydia. Edgar forcefully pushed down on Lydia's hands, thinking to himself that as long as he completely wrecked her hopes of having some sweet delusion in response, then it would be good.

Probably because of the ache, she let out a painful shriek.

"You don't want to? This was your wish."

The repeated flashes of lightning made her body appear intermittently in the darkness.

Edgar undoubtedly had not done anything, yet the pair of eyes which stared back at him looked like they were about to burst out into tears. As he loosened his grip only slightly, Liz spared no effort to push him away.

He thought of Lydia again.

Clearly, nothing had happened, but just because the scent that was given off was filled with Lydia, in the next moment, his state of mind fell apart. Not knowing why, Liz's eyes made him recall in this room Lydia untying her ribbons, trembling.

Edgar dizzily drew backwards.

After his state of mind calmed down a little, he raised his head just in time to see Liz quickly rush out of the room.

Although this was Edgar's purpose, the aftertaste was quite unpleasant.

Edgar sighed heavily.

To calm himself down, he casually looked around the room. At that point, he found that the cabinet drawer was open.

Walking over and looking inside, he saw that there was a silver pocket watch inside.

"This is what Liz gave....?"

Because his pocket watch had fallen into the pond, she wanted to compensate him? However, where did she get the money from to buy the pocket watch?

After opening the watch's cover, there was some engraved writing on top.

Edgar wanted to see the words on top, thus he pulled out a match from his pocket and struck it,

In order to see it clearly, then held the pocket watch near the flame.

To Edgar

From now on, I hope that we will always be together.

In commemoration of our engagement, Lydia Carlton.

This is.... Lydia's present?

Edgar's mind burst into a state of confusion as he buried his fingers into his hair. Was it Lydia, before she went missing, who placed the engagement gift here? But the day that Lydia's disappeared was the same day that Edgar showed her the room.

Moreover, him losing the watch was something that happened after Lydia had gone missing. The person who knows of this matter should only be Liz.

So, it was Liz who falsely used Lydia's name?

Tonight, she was also expressing willingness to replace Lydia. Edgar honestly did not understand what she wanted in the end.

But he was also unable to comprehend that matter.

Moreover, Lydia worrying about Edgar's engagement gift was a matter that could not possibly have been known to Liz.

If Liz knew, then that could only mean that she had seen Lydia.

Was she related to Lydia's disappearance?

If this was truly the case, then there was no time to hesitate.

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Raven was running across the plains, with Nico on his shoulder.

At the same time, a loud sound came from the earth. He hurriedly jumped, not knowing how many times, in order to avoid falling into the cave.

That giant was chasing after them.

Although they passed through the rocks, they met the giant head on, who just happened to return.

At that moment, the giant had been carrying Fergus on his shoulders, whom he had found somewhere. Fergus was probably already unconscious. The giant threw him into the rock that Raven and Nico had just come out of, and afterwards, used his hands to grab them.

Raven took out his knife, wanting to take a challenge and fight but the giant merely glanced at it, causing the knife dissolve like candy. They were really no match for the giant.

Raven and Nico were able to escape first.

The giant used his fearful grandeur to chase after them.

Every time he waved his wooden staff, the sky and ground would raise and transform, creating natural disasters. Under the pursuit of the lightning and tornados, Raven desperately ran, even so much so that he didn't know when Nico had hopped on his shoulders.

After the both of them rushed into the forest, the lightning and tornadoes vanished; it was likely that the trees created a barrier, making it difficult for the giant to use his magic. But this time, it changed into innumerable branches and leaves which extended towards them.

Raven quickly avoided the vines that nearly tangled around his neck, but at this time he suddenly heard Nico's screams in his ear.

"Waaaaaaa!"

As he looked back, Nico's body, tangled with vines, just happened to be thrown in the air.

"S-stop! Trow, your bride is in the rocks, so we can go back, right?"

"No, you need to look after the bride."

The Trow looked up at Nico, who was hanging by the vines.

"I'm a fairy!! Finding a human to take care of the bride would be comparatively better!"

He glanced at Raven.

"In that case, do you want to replace this guy and stay behind instead?"

He pointed his finger towards Raven, wanting him to head over, to which he stopped and hesitated to get up.

"Raven, save me!" Nico called out.

But Raven soon made his decision.

"Mr. Nico, I'm sorry."

Raven turned around and broke into a run once more.

"Whaaat, Raven!"

As Nico called out again he desperately struggled and the vines suddenly loosened.

He fell to the ground, shortly stood up and ran after Raven.

"Who is it? Who is it that gets in my way?!"

The wind, filled with the tide's scent, directly blew past the forest.

“....Is it that creature from the sea?”

At that time, Raven heard a faint voice.

(Hurry, run ahead to the bay.)

He ran under the voice’s instructions. Nico also desperately followed behind him, and the giant was still in pursuit.

After passing through the forest with great difficulty, the sea appeared before their eyes.

But suddenly the path was cut short ahead, and Raven could only stop on top of the overhanging cliff.

(Jump down quickly.)

The same voice could be heard again.

Looking down, there seemed to be countless unknown creatures moving across the sea surface.

Were they seals?

Nico threw himself onto Raven’s back. The giant was also soon approaching. And so with not having any further time to reconsider, Raven jumped off the cliff.

“Uwaaa!”

Nico shouted loudly, as if he didn’t expect that Raven would jump down. In the next moment, the two were already submerged into the sea.

Be that as it may, Raven and Nico were shortly pushed afloat to sea level by the seals. After that, they left the sea, and the giant standing on the cliff was already unable to make a move.

Raven was guided by a seal, arriving at a white seashore.

Then, the seals returned to the sea.

“The Giants of the Sun Clan very much hate the sea.”

Raven immediately forgot to make a response towards the figure standing behind, because it was an existence that was once very close to him.

There was a silhouette of a slender woman wearing a black coat and trousers with hair reaching down to shoulder length, incessantly fluttering by the sea wind.

“Is it Ermine....?”

Nico mumbled the name of Raven’s elder sister.

“In the giant’s island, the sea is only on the west side, since the sun will always

submerge into the sea."

By becoming Prince's underling, Raven's half elder sister was able to resurrect as a Selkie after she died. She betrayed Edgar, choosing to obey the one named Ulysses, who was the trusted subordinate of Prince.

Even if the Prince was dead now, she was still under Ulysses' control.

Although Edgar inherited Prince's memories, he planned to forever seal them. As long as Edgar was wanting to do that, for Raven, whether it was Ermine or Ulysses, they were both enemies.

"Elder sister, why are you here?"

Seeing her younger brother assume a defensive position, she frowned desolately.

"I can't answer that question, but those seals have nothing to do with Ulysses, they purely responded to the call of one from their own clan."

In other words, she summoned the seals in order to help Raven.

Despite this, Raven still did not understand the intentions of his elder sister. She was clearly obedient to Ulysses, but she also wanted to protect Raven.

Edgar said it's because the both of them were siblings, but Raven was always unable to understand. Even though he still didn't understand, and even if his elder sister was an enemy who made Edgar feel pain, he was unable to kill her. Edgar accepted this kind of Raven and thus acknowledged such a thing as good. The skin color of him and his sister, as well as all the burdens each bore on their shoulders, were all different; even if she was not a human anymore, and even if she had become a traitor, she was still Raven's sister. Therefore, Raven didn't need to further speculate the reason as to why she would save him.

"In order to not be discovered by the Trow, you guys should follow the coastline. Mr. Nico should know how to get to the human world's border."

She originally planned to leave, but once again turned her head and somewhat hesitantly said:

"Raven, if it's possible, don't let Lord Edgar come close to the Trow."

Raven only gazed sharply at Ermine instead of asking for a reason.

"In any case, you also cannot speak of the reason since such unnecessary comments will only confuse Lord Edgar."

"....What you said is right. Only Lord Edgar is able to choose the path of his future."

After Ermine finished speaking, she turned her back towards the two who stood behind and unhurriedly walked forward; her figure slowly disappeared as if becoming one with the far off scenery.

Raven began to walk along the shore. Nico, walking on his two legs, also closely followed from behind.

After walking for awhile, he suddenly noticed something; that is, Nico wasn't following him like before. When they walked, he deliberately kept at a distance. Why? After he pondered, he roughly became aware of the reason.

How wouldn't I be disliked?

After all, Raven did intend to abandon Nico and flee from the Trow alone.

Although it was Nico in the first place who requested for Raven to stay behind in his place, Raven had completely forgotten of that matter and his mind was only left with "I am hated". This phrase spun around incessantly.

He stopped his footsteps and turned around, to which Nico was certainly frightened, raising his back fur.

"Mr. Nico."

"Ah, Raven, listen to me, remain calm..."

"For that moment, I am very sorry."

"What?"

"I planned on abandoning you, therefore you are angry, right?"

"....This, um...."

"In my mind, Lord Edgar's matters are the highest priority no matter when, followed by my own. Sustaining injuries for someone else, and as a result being unable to protect Lord Edgar, this matter, as far as I'm concerned, is a situation that absolutely cannot happen."

Nico scratched his head in confusion.

"But as I did this, my companions always hated and alienated me, I can't help myself being hated."

Be that as it may, Raven never really did care about what his companions were thinking. But as he thought of perhaps how Nico would also respond the same as them, he strangely felt depressed.

"....Oh what, so that's how it is."

Nico mumbled; actually a bit frightened as he thought Raven was angry, but that of course, was something Raven was oblivious of.

Nico let out a sigh as if he was relieved, and suddenly puffed out his chest and deliberately coughed.

"Well, it was tough wasn't it? Humans are weird because they cannot tolerate these kinds of things."

"Is Mr. Nico is different?"

"Listen up Raven, by no means am I a man who cares about such trivial matters. Regardless of who, everyone has their own special circumstances. I know you meant no harm."

He gradually approached Raven, like usual, and gently patted him on the knee.

"You don't need to worry about it. Gentlemen, in the face of a sincere apology, will use a lenient breadth of mind to forgive the other."

Nico forgave me. Raven accepted this outcome straightforwardly and even came to respect Nico a little, for he thought that Nico truly was worthy of being called a gentleman.

"Then in the future, I can also abandon you."

"That.... That's only logical."

Nico proudly boasted at first, thus he could only reply in this way. Raven heard him say this, yet he was filled with gratitude.

This was what a so-called friendship is.

Raven felt that even if he abandoned the other person and wouldn't be hated, then perhaps friendship was a good thing.

After restoring the friendship that had a slight crack in it, the both of them stepped forward once more.

The coastline stretched endlessly.

The sun managed to float on the horizon, as if time had stopped, without sinking from beginning to end.

Raven didn't really understand how time passed in the fairy realm. Although he felt he had been walking for a very long time, but perhaps it was merely an illusion.

Before the huge arched coastline, they could vaguely see a sea cape. That being said, it seemed no matter how far they walked, they were unable to approach the cape.

Just when Raven began to feel doubtful, Nico suddenly stopped his footsteps.

"Raven, only Fergus was caught by the giant, but we don't know how Lydia is."

Then he remembered. But Raven believed that regardless of what happened, Lydia would think of a way to return to Edgar's side.

"She is surely by Lord Edgar's side."

But Nico shook his head in doubt.

"The giant has her Moonstone ring. Returning to the human world isn't simple. Maybe she's wandering alone in the fairy world."

"Can you find Miss Lydia?"

"Even if we searched all over the magic lands, it's not certain that we could find her."

"Then, we can only return to Lord Edgar's side; to handle such affairs, manpower is necessary."

Originally, for the sake of this purpose, they left Lota behind by herself.

Nico however, motionlessly gazed towards the sea.

"Why must human beings have things that are more important than themselves?"

Then he whispered to himself and said:

"Whether it's you, Lydia, or the Earl, you're all like this. Perhaps even Ermine is affected, because she was once human, is it not like this?"

"Is this something you need to have? There ought to be people who don't think so, right?"

"No, everyone is like this. Despite living with humans for a long time now, I frequently thought this."

After saying that he deeply sighed.

"Although my most precious thing is myself, I also think that Lydia is very precious to me. Is the Earl still fighting with the Prince? If that is the case, then what should Lydia do?"

Since Ermine appeared and gave a warning, Nico felt that the issue with the Prince was still unsettled.

"I only hope that Lydia's most precious person doesn't end up betraying her; can you understand?"

This kind of matter would not happen. Raven really believed this answer, but also wasn't sure whether or not Lydia would be harmed after knowing Edgar's concealed secret, so he did not say anything.

"Raven, would you want return to the Earl's side without any hesitation

whatsoever? If you speak forth about the affairs that went on here, Ermine's important advice would just amount to nothing. According to the present circumstances, the Earl would have chosen to protect Lydia, which in turn, will lead to an unavoidable confrontation with the Trow."

"This is not something I should decide, I can only take circumstances as they are and relay them to Lord Edgar."

Nico worryingly shook his head, and in the end, he resolutely stopped his footsteps and said:

"So, the boundary is towards here."

He hastily turned back to the path that they originally came from.

*

Lydia ran back to her bedroom and collapsed on her bed.

She was unable to stop her burst of tears.

When Edgar suddenly appeared in the suite room, and then embraced and kissed her, Lydia had also expected for him to perhaps recognize her; however in the next moment, he'd said that he made an error.

She knew that Edgar was on the verge of frantically longing for her, but at the same time, she realized that regardless of the current situation, no matter how diligently she tried, there was no way she could become Edgar's lover.

If she definitely thought carefully, then she would understand. Why wasn't she discovered before?

Lydia had been misunderstanding a very important matter.

The reason why she said she was willing to replace Lydia was because she believed that if she was able to increase the chances of touching Edgar, then he would discover that Liz was Lydia.

But for Edgar, Liz was still not Lydia no matter what.

Lydia simply did not want to hear Edgar regarding other women as lovers other than herself. However, she planned on doing this kind of thing.

Because Lydia realized this, she ran out. Her wrists were still in slight pain, due to the amount of force Edgar used in his grip a moment ago.

This was the first time she saw Edgar like that.

Although Edgar occasionally treated her in an unwavering manner , she never

thought of Edgar as scary.

But just a moment ago, she was truly frightened. She couldn't feel the least bit of gentleness or affection from Edgar.

This was only logical.

Edgar had pledged his heart to only Lydia alone, and he respected that oath. Because of this, he could not accept Liz being someone else in front of his eyes. If he accepted Liz, then that would represent the undoing of his faithfulness; Lydia would then no longer remain the special girl in his heart.

Lydia finally discovered this matter, and wept incessantly.

She was already unable to try again.

Even if she stayed by Edgar's side yet not being able to help him, Lydia didn't expect that being rejected by him was the more painful matter.

"Lydia, are you crying?"

Kelpie's voice approached.

"This is why I said not to become a changeling."

He used his large hand to stroke her head. This was entirely different from Edgar's casual attitude. Edgar was always extremely cautious in touching Lydia, as if each and every one of his fingertips wanted to sense her. Because of this, the slightest touch between the both of them would make Lydia's heart pound fiercely without stopping.

Just thinking about Edgar once again, Lydia's chest suffered endless pain. While she repressed her moodiness, she tried to lift her head.

"....Kelpie, I am alright. I wasn't crying."

"Oh what, you don't have to pretend to be tough."

He stared at Lydia, as he had already transformed into valiant young man with black curls.

In front of her stood someone who knew she was actually Lydia, moreover, it was the same fairy who had treated her no different from how he had in the past, making the bottom of Lydia's heart feel relieved.

As she spent her time alone, she was practically beginning to forget her own identity, or whether if she really was Edgar's fiancée.

However, she resisted the urge of wanting to grab Kelpie and weep.

Lydia chose Edgar. She regarded Kelpie, who was well aware of this but was still willing to help her, as a precious friend; because of this, she couldn't act like a

spoiled child towards Kelpie any more.

“No, I have to be strong in order to move forward.”

If Edgar couldn’t notice her, then the Trow would sooner or later suspect the owner of the ring, and Lydia would be pulled back to the fairy realm. In order to help Lota, Nico and Raven, she had to think of an effective method.

“Ah, Kelpie, lift the changeling magic tomorrow. I must return to the fairy realm.”

“You’ll be discovered by the Trow. Even if it was me, I’d be unable to withstand that guy.”

That was also a fairy that Edgar could not withstand. Just because she wanted to stay by Edgar’s side, she relied on the changeling magic. For this reason, Raven also spared no effort to let her escape.

But if continuing to stay by Edgar’s side lost its meaning, then she would take the initiative to go to the Trow and ask him to release everyone, and then perhaps that would be the more realistic way.

Negotiating with fairies was originally a fairy doctor’s job.

But by merely doing this, it’s possible that she would be taken to the giant’s country, unable to return any more.

“Tomorrow, I need to go to the serpentine lake that you dwell in.”

She still needed a little bit of time to think this over.

Needing to make the decision of possibly separating from Edgar wasn’t so simple.

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The pocket watch that Liz left in the suite room had an engraved seal from a famous old store. Edgar visited the store owner the next morning, confirming that the pocket watch was an item sold from there.

What was a little stranger was the person who came to purchase the pocket watch was a girl with brown hair. The one who requested that a message be engraved as well as Lydia’s signature was also her.

Liz prepared the present that Lydia wanted to give. In the end, what was going on? Edgar already thought to the point of exhaustion.

But regardless of what Liz planned in her mind, she definitely corresponded with Lydia.

And if that was the case, then Patrick's premise of an evil fairy following Liz's side increased its credibility.

Would joining forces with Patrick be beneficial?

Edgar contemplated, while looking up at the sky through the carriage window.

Lydia, I'll definitely save you soon.

He listened to the sound of the church bells, while praying that she was safe.

Soon after, the carriage arrived at the Carlton's home.

Edgar came to see Lydia's father first thing in the morning.

After Lydia went missing, Edgar decided to visit Professor every morning before he left for the university, even if there wasn't any information on her.

Worrying about Lydia, of course, was not just Edgar.

The Professor was of course extremely worried, but he still seemed to be very optimistic.

Since Lydia had some dealings with fairies, he probably knew what his daughter came across. Even as her father, he was unable to help, so much so that it was a matter that couldn't be helped.

With regards to Professor Carlton, his late wife was that kind of person.

Therefore, when Edgar visited every day, even without bringing news pertaining to Lydia, he never blamed Edgar.

"Earl, you don't need to blame yourself for this. Lydia will definitely return."

Edgar came here every day, rather than saying he was reporting progress, it would be better to say that he came to seek the Professor's consolation.

"I only found a clue that may have something to do with Lydia, and I will follow this clue to find Lydia in any case."

Professor nodded and pushed up his glasses that were sliding, going into a state of contemplation.

"I always thought that the affairs of my wife's clan already had nothing to do with Lydia, and my wife also shared the same viewpoint as me, but it seems that the McKeel clan don't feel this way."

"However this matter may not necessarily be related with the McKeel family."

In fact, Fergus was also taken away together with everyone.

"Yes, but Earl, the McKeel clan's lineage will be snuck into your family's relations. When you stated that you wanted to get married with Lydia, perhaps I should have first explained this to you."

When mentioning the clans of the Scottish Highlands, regardless of whichever clan, they were all prestigious houses. Although Lydia's mother wasn't directly related to the clan head, she belonged to a branch family that would obtain territory. Therefore, it wasn't likely to harm the Carlton family's status, and perhaps would also hold no negative influence to both Lydia and Edgar. In other words, what the Professor was worried about was not the family background, but rather the pure bloodline.

The dormant Prophet, together with the present day society's social customs, did not match. It seemed as if it was their duty to be forced to inherit the McKeel family's bloodline upon themselves.

"My wife was a changeling."

Edgar was not surprised to hear Professor's confession. Whenever Lydia mentioned her mother, she would describe her as both an extraordinarily beautiful and enigmatic fairy doctor.

"Her clan members seemed to have the tradition of exchanging children, that is, although she was a changeling, she inherited the fairy race's blood, as well as the bloodline of the McKeel family at the same time. Thus, her clan never lacked a person who had fairy doctor abilities."

"That would mean that... Lydia also possesses some fairy blood, right?"

"That should be the case."

"She once mentioned that she might be a changeling."

"No, she is my wife's and my daughter."

The Professor answered resolutely. However, rather than saying that the Professor believed Lydia was definitely his child, perhaps it would be better to say that he said it like this to convince himself.

"Once Lydia was born, she was already taken away by fairies, but my wife wanted to make every effort to bring her back. Since that is what my wife had said, there is absolutely no mistake about it."

Edgar thought that the Professor's statements were quite admirable.

In others words, the baby that was taken away and the baby that was brought back to the human world, in the Professor's eyes, were unalike?

Or was it merely because the baby was quite hard to distinguish?

Despite this, one should be able to differentiate their own child.

The Professor probably realized that Edgar had questions, so he continued on to

explain:

“The baby’s eye color had changed. But my wife said that this was because the baby hadn’t yet adapted to the light in the human world beforehand, and had been exposed to the illumination in the fairy realm first.”

Edgar remembered Lydia’s incredible golden green eyes. It turns out, those mysterious eyes that would cause one to think that even if fairies could be seen through them, it was not so strange, having merely experienced what the changeling child would have.

“That’s right, Earl, people whose hair and pupil color change as they mature isn’t uncommon, moreover, even minerals are the same. If one is confused by its color, they will also mistake its essence. Even if something changes, Lydia will still be Lydia.”

Edgar felt that some important matter had swept past his mind, but he didn’t think too much, as he felt that it wasn’t something he could not fully rely on. Lydia is still Lydia.

Only these words drifted in his heart.

He wanted to grasp that idea, but even the remnant impression had vanished like fog, as something else was occupying his mind.

It was regarding the minerals that the Professor mentioned.

“Professor Carlton, you mentioned something about being confused by the mineral stone’s color. What did you mean by that?”

Although the Professor seemed just a little confused when the topic of their conversation moved away from Lydia, he soon put on the expression of a scholar.

“The difference in the color is only because the condition itself has somewhat of a dissimilarity. Although the external appearance seems to be completely different, as a distinctive mineral, but Earl, let me give an example; did you know both the sapphire and ruby are actually the same minerals?”

“Sapphires.....are the same as rubies?.....”

At that time, it was certainly the Merrow’s sword which came up in Edgar’s mind.

Edgar possesses the sword imbued with the Star Sapphire. It was said that it had recently undergone an unusual change. He became convinced that the other sword he saw in his dream really existed, and at the same time, he

thought if whether the sudden changes that took place in his sword had any relevance to that.

That sword and the Merrow's sword were very similar, as if the ruby replaced the sapphire.

"Yes, that's right, they are made of the same type of mineral known as aluminum oxide. Before, they were once regarded as completely different minerals."

However, if they are the same type of gems.....

Then should the two swords, also not be the same sword?

But the Merrow sword so to speak, perhaps originally wasn't the product of mankind. If the sword as well as Lydia's Moonstone ring, whose inner light would wax and wane in accordance to the lunar cycle, were the same and belonged to the fairies, then the sapphire becoming a ruby wasn't strange. If that's really the case, the ruby-embedded sword that Edgar saw in his dream, was the Merrow sword's other manifestation.

It is said that a change from within the treasured sword is representative of a crisis to befall the Earl family; furthermore, if the so-called change from the sword indeed was related to the Sapphire which changed into a sparkling red light, then his dream was an important symbol.

In his dream, someone wielding the sword wanted to kill Edgar, as the Blue Knight Earl.

"Earl, is something the matter?"

Edgar looked up, prudently forming a smile.

"It's nothing, Professor, what you've spoken just now, were of great interest and very deserving to be pondered over."

He then stood up.

"Then I shall return, I'll most definitely pay a visit again."

The Professor also stood up soon afterwards and politely lead Edgar to the front door. Then, as if sending off a family member, he cast an intimate yet cautious look as he watched him.

"I would also like to request of you to not force yourself too much, because as Lydia comes back, the only place she would surely go to is by your side."

Does she seem to like me that much?

But what the Professor said was right. If Lydia was imprisoned inside the fairy

realm, then Edgar would be the key to her lifeline. The bond between humans was the more powerful magic, unable to be severed.

And since Lydia and him currently worked out an official engagement, he wanted to believe that there was such a bond between them.

Although Lydia was in a circumstance of having a misunderstanding with him and disappeared afterwards, at least the Professor acknowledged Edgar earlier with what he said, therefore she was surely also willing to believe in the bond between her and Edgar.

“I sincerely thank you, Professor. But when the time comes where Lydia returns, can I be the first to embrace her?”

The Professor wryly smiled and nodded.

“Even if I refused, it’s futile, is it not?”

The Professor had been married to a woman who was a fairy doctor, thus he was a senior to Edgar in that aspect. He wasn’t pushy on others, which taught Edgar an important lesson.

Professor Carlton’s unique and gentle nature, as well as his sharp scholarly insight, made Edgar feel even more amiable, and at the same time, he respected him.

When he straightforwardly and honestly thought of Lydia’s father as his own father, he was even able to forget his own unique experience, and felt that he could become an ordinary youth.

A family with a peaceful daily life. For Edgar, Lydia brought these things that he had once lost. Therefore, he didn’t want to lose anything again.

But the enemy was in his own body.

From now on, could he truly protect what was important to him properly?

As Edgar who left the Carlton’s home, thought about the next plan of action, he felt a sharp pain.

Chapter 5: Lovers torn apart

Lydia opened the door gently and after making sure that nobody was in the corridors, she secretly slipped out of the room.

Now was the time when the servants were resting. She went down the staircase without being found by anyone. There also wasn't anyone in the hall below.

Now is the time!

Just as she prepared to run to the entrance in one breath....

"Liz, were you going to head out?"

The sound of Edgar's voice came from behind, and she almost lost her footing on the staircase. Lydia grabbed the handrail, sparing no effort to support herself up, and turned her head.

"Y-yes, I wanted to go for a walk."

As if to prevent Lydia from escaping, Edgar went around her and obstructed the path ahead, then grinned and said:

"Just in time. Would you like to head to the countryside now for a change of mood?"

Because of what happened last night, Lydia could not help but feel suspicious towards Edgar now. She originally believed that Edgar would never again speak kindly to Liz.

"Uh, but....."

"I want to apologize to you. Last night, I became too overwhelmed by my emotions and thus behaved in a very disrespectful manner."

He lowered his eyes as if he felt apologetic from the bottom of his heart.

"Lydia....my fiancée, suddenly went missing. Although I've told acquaintances that she had returned to her hometown, the fact of the matter is, something must have happened to her and she wasn't able to return. I didn't have any clues, so I vented my anxiety towards you."

"Liz" didn't understand why Edgar would say all this, so she merely listened in silence.

"Perhaps she is similar to you and lost her memories. As long as I think of this, I regret hurting you even more."

Edgar sorrowfully frowned deeply. Lydia thought that perhaps this was his true

feelings, and her chest couldn't help but feel tight.

But at the same time, she felt afraid.

The person who stood in front of her was not the Edgar she recognized. Even though he was smiling, there was a cold atmosphere.

"Please allow me to apologize for last night. Can you give me a bit of your time?"

Edgar took her hand as if nothing had happened. Unlike last night, he perfectly treated Liz as a lady, and because of this, Lydia understood even less what Edgar was thinking, and was at a complete loss.

Edgar had still not seemed to have realized that Liz was Lydia, but he did understand that Liz had a favorable impression of him. Moreover, Liz was clearly seducing Edgar yesterday; thinking back now, with regards to Lydia, that kind of behaviour was sufficient enough to make her faint on the spot.

Could it be that Edgar wanted to use Liz to replace Lydia now?

This is troublesome.

Following him like this would be very dangerous.

Lydia's mind undoubtedly understood, but she was unable to shake off Edgar's hand.

Perhaps this time, he will discover her. Lydia couldn't restrain the faint anticipation in her heart.

If she were to flee from Edgar's side like this, she may not be able to come back again. Even if it was an insignificant possibility, she wanted to give it a try, as this was to be expected.

In the end, "Liz" and Edgar boarded the carriage together.

Last night's downpour had finally stopped in the early morning, and the sunlight occasionally appeared from between the clouds.

Edgar, in order not to let Liz feel bored, chatted about pleasant topics along the way. Nevertheless, perhaps he did this in order not to give Liz the opportunity for her feelings to change.

Up until yesterday, Lydia desperately wanted to make Edgar discover her true identity, but she discovered that the more she did so, the more it brought about a negative influence on each other. Therefore, she was forced to courteously respond to what Edgar said.

As long as one viewed Edgar with this slight distance, then it would become

very clear that Edgar was a dazzling person.

The shiny, blonde hair underneath the top hat fluttered in the breeze and glistened under the sunshine. He clearly had an appearance such that one could use a metaphor of purity, yet those ash mauve eyes inexplicably stirred up emotions. If he were to gaze at someone without meaning, then it would make them have the misconception that they were the most important, causing others to believe that perhaps this was his unique expertise.

With that, the majority of young women ought to fall in love with him instantaneously.

Did this kind of Edgar really want to apologize to “Liz”? Lydia couldn’t make out what ideas he had in his mind at all.

Even as they had become engaged, Lydia still had trouble thinking of a gift that would make him happy, let alone the fact that he flawlessly repressed his emotions in front of Liz, who was an outsider. Therefore, it was only logical for Lydia not to comprehend what he was thinking.

The more Edgar stared at Lydia, the more she found it hard to believe that he was her fiancé. She even believed that she was “Liz”, who was unable to receive Edgar’s attention no matter what she did, and that “Lydia”, who was very special to him, was another person.

This was probably the real current situation. The body that was here was Liz, and there was no way to become Lydia.

“You don’t seem to be cheerful. Sure enough, is it because you didn’t want to come out with me?”

“Eh... no, that’s not true.”

“But you’re absent-minded, looking up at the sky like that.”

Lydia mumbled “sorry”. She felt that Edgar was seemingly a bit displeased.

“If you head forward more, there’s a place with very beautiful scenery, have you been there?”

“Oh, it’s my first time.”

“I see, so you do remember something.”

Lydia was shocked and covered her mouth, but Edgar smiled indifferently.

“Uh, how strange, I feel as if it’s the first time coming here.”

She wanted to play the fool, but Edgar, whose whole face was filled with doubt, suddenly leaned over and said:

"Liz, I want to understand you more, for instance, what your true identity is." Lydia was startled. The name "Lydia" was already at the corner of her lips, but Edgar had never considered that possibility.

Edgar was seemingly going to pursue Liz and tenderly smiled, gently holding her hand.

"Why did you want to rush in front of my carriage? Why did you say that you didn't remember anything? What's your purpose in approaching me?"

His tone was very gentle, but the questions thrown out were actually intense.

"Did someone order you?"

".....Eh, by order you mean....."

"For instance, being threatened by Ulysses and such?"

"N-no!"

Lydia realized that an intense anger instantly flashed in Edgar's eyes, and that she misspoke again.

"I see so you do know Ulysses."

Although Lydia's hand wasn't grasped with a lot of force, she was unable to draw back with her strength.

"Was it Ulysses who took Lydia away? For what reason?"

The carriage door was blocked by Edgar, and he was coming closer. Lydia didn't know what to do.

She only knew that she was suspected by Edgar and was being considered an accomplice of the criminal who took his fiancée away.

"You will tell me."

Fingers soothingly touched her cheek. If there was a little resistance, then he would probably twist and break her neck.

"No, I don't know anything."

Lydia desperately shook her head, but Edgar's expression didn't change the least bit.

"..... Everything you know, you will tell me. Have no fear, if Lydia is saved, you will be saved. "

As the underlying small minion?

Edgar was obviously threatening Liz. He decided that no matter the means he must make her to speak.

"No, I don't know anything at all!"

Lydia was shaking her head, but Edgar's grim expression didn't change the slightest.

"No matter who, they will say so at the beginning, but it's just the start."

"It's true, I..... I am not your enemy."

Before she knew it, the carriage had stopped.

She realized that her shoulders were trembling. She was afraid and sorrowful to the point of not knowing what to do.

".....I beg you, Edgar, please recognize me! You know who I am!"

He frowned.

"Close your eyes and feel with your heart, as long as you do this, you will know. You've clearly said this before!"

Edgar seemed caught up in contemplation, probably because Lydia's reaction and the enemy spy's reaction when being interrogated weren't too similar.

"I.... won't run away. I believe you'll realize, so please close your eyes for a moment."

Lydia begged him, and he did as such, grabbing her hand and closing his eyes.

I must calm down. Lydia took a deep breath and closed her eyes.

She grasped Edgar's hand in return, confirming those warm and slender fingers.

Lydia knew it was a hand that was familiar to her.

Although Liz wasn't similar to Lydia at all, that was only in appearances; in fact, regardless of her palms, fingertips, hair, ear, and lips, all of it was Lydia, thus he ought to have taken notice.

But suddenly the carriage door opened.

Edgar came to his senses and opened his eyes, then with an expression still full of doubt, he turned around.

"Earl, the preparations are complete."

Because of the light that illuminated from the back of his face, Lydia couldn't clearly see who the man that said this sentence was. Edgar then left her, quickly getting off the carriage.

The man rudely ordered Lydia to get down.

After walking outside, Lydia realized that the man was Patrick. However, she simply didn't have the time to think about why he would be here.

As long as she thought that Edgar abandoned her, and that no one would come to her rescue, Lydia became so worried that she was practically unable to stand.

Although it was the outskirts, it seemed that they arrived at a very distant location. After the carriage proceeded to leave, there wasn't anyone else apart from Edgar and Patrick. She could only see hills surrounded by ancient stone walls.

To the side, there was a muddy river flowing. It was accumulated by water, probably due to yesterday's rain.

Along the river, there was a complete row of layered rocks that continued on; this was a rampart, which was practically covered by earth and weeds. Patrick overlooked the rampart from a fairly high place.

Lydia immediately looked over and found that there were threads everywhere. It was a thread woven by fairies, which ordinary people couldn't see. Moreover, those threads appeared to be intertwined like a net; in other words, it was a trap used to capture fairies.

Was it Patrick who arranged it?

Lydia hastily looked around. Hopefully Kelpie didn't come. Although she hoped for this, she didn't know whether or not she truly wanted this.

"Come here now."

Patrick pulled Lydia's hand roughly.

She climbed over the nearly broken stone steps, walking towards the network of threads. Edgar followed behind from a somewhat distant point.

The shaking stone steps on that rampart was like a steep cliff. With regards to Lydia, whose legs were constantly trembling, climbing up was really too difficult.

Furthermore, the river below incessantly emitted the sound of muddy water, making her cower even more. However, Patrick stubbornly pulled her, thus she staggered and fell onto the ground.

"What are you doing? Hurry up and stand."

Practically being treated like a criminal, she wanted to cry out in pain.

"It's you who was being too rough to her."

Edgar came over, unexpectedly helping Liz up gently.

"Earl, this is for Miss Lydia, I have no choice but to be ruthless."

"I know."

Edgar sighed, and looked at Liz.

"Is your hand injured?"

Although Edgar spoke with concern, she knew that he wasn't worried about Liz at all. His gaze still seemed indifferent, like looking at a criminal.

"How could that sort of injury hurt? Later, I'm going to use her blood to draw out the unseelie court, which ought to be nearby. Furthermore, we should get all kinds of things from her mouth."

"In this case, making her suffer senseless injuries is useless. If humans flinch due to small injuries, then the blood won't flow out as easily."

"Then please bring her here."

Patrick began to walk towards the steps ahead.

Hey, hurry up and escape now.

At that moment, Lydia heard Kelpie's voice.

"Get away from those threads, I can't head over to where you are."

After Edgar helped Liz up, he immediately released her hand. He probably didn't believe that Liz would run away.

Of course, she wore a heavy dress, thus it was impossible to run past the men. But now, if she shook them off a little, and it was a short distance, then she would be able to reach Kelpie's side.

Presently, Liz was still considered a spy of Ulysses' faction, and although running away was equivalent to needing to leave Edgar misunderstood, at least she wouldn't encounter a bloody end.

It will be fine if I put in strength in my legs to turn back and break out in a run.

However Lydia, whose whole body was tense, was suddenly grabbed by Edgar.

".... Help me, Edgar."

She didn't know what she was doing, and blurted this out.

"Earl, what are you doing!"

Patrick anxiously shouted out, because Edgar used his hand to embrace Liz's shoulder, as if to protect her.

Lydia was also quite surprised, but he blocked Patrick, who was planning to intervene, then whispered to Liz:

"Liz, haven't I said this before? If you speak of what you know, you will be saved."

Edgar wouldn't sympathize with the enemy so easily. No matter how gentle he seemed, it certainly wasn't because he could sense Lydia's existence in Liz's body.

These arms won't protect her again.

At the thought of it, Lydia felt frightened.

Even if she knew that the changeling magic would be lifted as a result, she wanted to tell him that she was Lydia. But now, perhaps Edgar wouldn't believe her.

Compared to him not discovering the truth, Lydia was more afraid of speaking the truth and then being rejected.

Not only has the situation already become like this, if I were to speak the truth now, wouldn't it hurt Edgar?

Edgar originally wanted to work together with Patrick to question Liz, but if he knew the truth.....

"Earl, if we don't hurry, the trap will weaken."

Patrick impatiently pulled Liz apart from Edgar.

"No! Edgar....."

Lydia's actions and the thoughts in her mind were different. She grabbed Edgar tightly, not letting go, as she didn't want to leave him.

However, she was forcibly pulled.

"Save me, I beg you!"

Despite this, Lydia still desperately struggled, wanting to flee from Patrick's side.

But her outstretched arms could only wave in the air.

She recklessly resisted, completely forgetting that the ground by her feet wasn't steady at all.

"Stop it, Patrick!"

At this moment, Edgar spoke.

Patrick doubtfully loosened his grip, and Lydia, who was on the stone steps, lost balance at that split second.

As soon as she glanced at the river below, her feet had already left the stone steps.

"Lydia!"

Kelpie's voice?

It ought to be, since Edgar wouldn't address Liz as Lydia.

Lydia immediately grabbed the long grass between the rock walls, but it was simply unable to support her weight.

She saw Edgar stretching his body forward. Although he wanted to extend his hand out, it didn't reach her.

It's already..... no good.

"Farewell, Edgar....."

As Lydia mumbled, she allowed her body to fall straight down towards the river.

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The sound of underground shaking resonated in the rock cavern.

Lota, who was dozing off, was startled and opened her eyes, then put up her guard, thinking it was an earthquake.

"What's that noise?"

"It's the Trow snoring."

A fed up voice came from the corner of the cave.

"I recall you are.... Lota, correct? You're still able to sleep in this kind of place."

"I can sleep anywhere."

Lota let out an enormous yawn then remembered, shouldn't that red-headed youth over there have escaped with Lydia? She remembered that he seemed to be called Fergus.

"How strange. Why are you here?"

"I was captured by the Trow. Since I'm the clan head's son, it's as if the Trow wants to take me hostage and have my father agree to taking his clan's girl away as their bride in exchange."

"What! Then what about Lydia? Was Lydia also captured?"

Lota promptly looked around, but didn't see Lydia. Fergus held his head, saying that it would have been better if Lydia was captured by the Trow.

"She..... she was kidnapped by a dreadful fairy, it would be good if she wasn't eaten."

"What did you say?"

"That completely black aquatic horse must be a Kelpie..... I don't know why a Kelpie would appear in a place like this now....."

Was the Kelpie he was speaking of that Kelpie?

Lota leaned her back on the rock walls and heaved a sigh of relief. If that was the case, Lydia should be safe and sound.

"Lydia is all right, she's a fairy doctor."

"Even if she's a fairy doctor, the enemy was a Kelpie! That, is an unseelie court;

granted that they're in the human world, there's a way to handle them, but if we're completely unprepared and come across a Kelpie in the fairy realm, it wouldn't be strange if we were suddenly eaten!"

Lota looked at the exasperated Fergus, thinking to herself that he truly was an interesting guy.

"It doesn't matter even if it's a man-eating horse, since that Kelpie is Lydia's friend."

"What? How is that possible. Kelpies can't be friends with humans by any means! If it was me, I absolutely wouldn't be friends with a pacific herring, which I like to eat the most!"

"I understand your feelings, but that Kelpie is a little strange. That said, you really know a lot about fairies."

Lota chuckled while changing the subject. Through her easygoing manner of speaking, Fergus's assertiveness weakened, thus he answered hesitantly:

"What.....? This is only logical since the island that we reside on is a land where numerous fairies live as well. In addition, one must understand them in order to become the clan head."

"Anyhow, I was involved for no reason because of you."

"..... I'm sorry."

Fergus sincerely apologized, then held his head once more.

"How the giant treats you is your own fault, but you gave Lydia a huge inconvenience. She was going to celebrate a day of happiness later on, yet you came and spoiled it."

Rather than saying it was a condemnation, it would be better to say that Lota was complaining.

Apart from the point of seeing fairies, regardless of what Lydia could see, she was an ordinary girl. However, Edgar fell for her and involved her within disputes. In some aspects, Lota completely sympathized with her.

But even if Edgar hadn't fallen in love with Lydia, she wouldn't be able to keep away from disturbances involving fairies.

"You said it quite clearly..... but you're not wrong. Before coming to London, I didn't know that she had a fiancé at all. But also, just because I wanted to see her since long ago, I was really looking forward to it, and I really wanted to find her sooner and bring her back."

"You wanted to see her since a long time ago? Lydia clearly said that she knew nothing about her mother's homeland, so why would you be familiar with her? Was it not because of the trouble happening on the island that you began to look for Lydia?"

"Yes, but as a child, I heard my relatives speak about the matter of Aurora eloping with someone, and knew that if Aurora had a daughter, then she would become my fiancée, so I was curious."

"Then it basically has nothing to do with Lydia, since she's Professor Carlton's daughter."

If Lydia's mother got married to a man on the island, then the daughter that she'd give birth to wouldn't be Lydia. This kind of thought was quite common.

"That is true..... but I heard that Aurora was a beauty with a great temperament."

"So you thought her daughter would surely be a beauty?"

Lota was utterly surprised at first, then laughed because she felt it was too amusing.

"But now, you ought to have another fiancée, isn't that right?"

"Although I did, she died of an illness two years ago. She was only ten years old, and as far as I was concerned, it wasn't a real feeling of having a fiancée."

In other words, this guy's first love was Aurora, or perhaps Lydia, both of whom he had never met before?

Although Lota felt sorry with regards to his fiancée's situation, she felt that it was increasingly ridiculous.

First, Lydia was caught in cajolement by a philanderer, and now an innocent gentleman appeared, who would merely fall in love by using his imagination. Even a man-eating horse was fond of her.

Could it be that she was destined to be liked by abnormal men?

"Hey, Trow's snoring stopped."

Nervous, Fergus carefully listened to his surroundings.

Lota strained to listen immediately afterwards, and at this time, another sound echoed.

Lota remembered that she had once heard these quiet sounds which seemed both like a stringed instrument as well as the sound of air vibrations.

This was really like the sound of bow-string vibrations.

Just as she thought this, the Trow passed through the rock wall, taking large steps towards their direction.

"Hey, your ring is extremely noisy, think of something to stop it."

The Trow threw the Moonstone ring towards Lota.

The sound was indeed coming from the ring. The groaning-like sound seemed to be a warning of danger.

Lota's heart felt a burst of anxiety. Nothing should have happened to Lydia, right?

But Lota didn't know how to handle the fairy ring at all. She gave Fergus a glance, but he opened his eyes wide in surprise.

She took the ring, trying to hold it and stroke it to calm down, but it was ineffective.

The Trow was fidgety, leaning forward and glaring at Lota.

"Why hasn't the sound stopped?You aren't the ring's owner, right?"

This is bad. Lota hastily grasped the ring.

"W-what are you saying, this thing is mine!"

"No, it should have listened to your words."

The Trow waved his wooden staff. Lota's fingers opened up, and the ring fell to the ground.

He picked up the ring, carefully examining the Moonstone, then lifted his staff high and said:

"Ring, make your master appear, call the person who is connected to you to this place!"

In order to stop the giant, Lota jumped towards him, but in a flash, she was bounced off by the flash of light from the wooden staff.

Her back hit the rock wall, and when she couldn't see anything in her surroundings because of the light, Lota didn't know why, but she caught sight of Lydia's figure.

It seemed that Lydia just happened to be falling from above the stone wall of the rampart.

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"Lydia!"

Edgar cried out to Liz, who was falling.

He was about to jump down to the river.

"What are you doing, Earl!"

Patrick grabbed his hand and stopped him.

"She isn't Miss Lydia."

His mind understood that quite well, but the depths of his heart was urging him to act immediately.

If he didn't save her quickly, then something irreversible will happen.

"Lydia can't swim."

Edgar still couldn't understand why he would say this, then he shook Patrick off and jumped into the river.

The river water was extremely muddy, and Liz's presence already couldn't be seen from the surface. In order to try and find her, Edgar dived into the water, but nothing was practically visible in the water.

Not knowing why, the more he worried, the more he was certain that Liz was Lydia.

For this reason, he felt even more uneasy.

He was almost unconscious.

No, I promised to protect Lydia.

"To the right..... go a little further....."

At this time, once again not knowing where the voice came from, he acted in accordance to that voice, whether or not he wanted to.

He glimpsed upon a floating blue dress.

Edgar desperately stretched his arms and grabbed the dress, then pulled her body over.

He carried Lydia to the surface.

The river currents were unexpectedly rapid, so he was unable to approach the shore.

He tried to swim towards the rock which protruded from the middle of the river, and then he pushed Lydia up.

The size of the rock could only manage to fit the upper half of one person on top.

While Edgar grabbed the rock tightly, not letting himself be washed away, he called out to Lydia.

"Hang in there, Lydia!"

Lydia's head turned slightly. She was still breathing, and apparently wasn't hurt.

Edgar was relieved, brushing the drenched beautiful brown hair, touching her cheek.

Although her body was ice-cold, her complexion wasn't too bad. Then, she opened her eyes slightly.

"Do you recognise me?"

Edgar. She gently moved her lips and spoke.

Even if her hair color and features weren't the same, Edgar no longer doubted her.

As a confirmation, he kissed Lydia. Although she practically didn't have the strength to respond, Edgar truly felt that it was Lydia.

He was only by Lydia's body, yet he felt these sweet feelings emerge just from kissing her. For some reason, that delicate canine tooth was so adorable.

"Lydia."

Edgar called out her name once more. Not knowing whether or not it was because of the light, the hair that lingered between his fingers changed, making it seem as if it had some red.

"Earl, get out of the way!"

Not knowing where the voice came from, it echoed once more.

After Edgar turned around, he saw the driftwood rushing towards him along with the momentum of the turbulent water.

If he avoided it, the log would possibly hit Lydia. In the moment that he chose to remain where he was, the coarse wood hit him.

Edgar saw his own blood spreading across muddy water. At the same time that his body sank into the water, he worried that if he drowned like this, who would go and save Lydia? But even if he wanted to try and swim over, his body wouldn't budge.

As Edgar's consciousness gradually weakened, he mumbled.

Kelpie, you're here, right?

Thinking back now, the so-called unseelie court by Liz's side was surely Kelpie, who was protecting Lydia.

Please save Lydia.

In an instant, Edgar closed his eyes and was flushed away by the water, which became violent.

Even if something changes, Lydia is still Lydia.

He remembered what Professor Carlton had said.
Why didn't I notice a little sooner?
The water pouring into his throat was like the painful remorse cramming into his chest.

After his correspondence with Liz, he sensed Lydia's presence since the beginning, but because the external appearances were unalike, he was confused.

Lydia undoubtedly wanted to tell him several times.

In the carriage, she also said she would not run away, and wanted Edgar to notice her. At that time, Edgar closed his eyes and touched Liz, but because he sensed Lydia, he felt perplexed.

Like she said that she wouldn't escape, she chose to rely on Edgar until the final moment and didn't try to run away.

Lydia begged him for help.

This was only logical. With regards to the person whom she promised to spend her future life with in front of her, there's no doubt she would believe that he would surely protect her.

However, Edgar merely felt disturbed by Liz's attitude. Without any reason, he felt that Lydia was crying out for help towards him, yet he was unable to trust his own intuition.

If he sympathized with Liz, then there was no way of knowing Lydia's whereabouts. He had been saying this to himself all along.

His feelings were different from his cold words. When he held Liz, he was clearly unable to let go.

Edgar couldn't grasp those outstretched hands that begged for him. Seeing him like this, he didn't know how much hurt and disappointment Lydia suffered.
No, please don't you ever say goodbye to me.

"Lord Edgar!"

He opened his eyes under vigorous shaking. A brown-skinned boy was staring at him.

Raven's body was also wet. Edgar seemed to have been rescued by him and pulled onto land.

".....Raven..... why are you here?"

"When I left the fairy realm, I heard Lord Edgar's voice. As I followed the voice

and ran over, I arrived at this riverside.”

“Good grief, just when I’ve clearly told you that running all over the place out of your own accord will get you lost, I’m half dead from chasing after Raven.”

Nico wiped the sweat off his forehead.

Raven and Nico came back. Edgar was vaguely aware of the current situation.

As he turned towards the riverside he found that he seemed to have been washed off to a very distant area. Not only were the many trees hindering the sight before him, but the hill with the rampart was also unable to be seen.

At the same time, he suddenly realized something and sat up.

“What about Lydia?”

He looked around, but he didn’t see Lydia. Everywhere from the riverside to the top of the overhanging rock there wasn’t any trace of a person.

“What happened with Lydia?”

After Edgar and Raven, who wasn’t sure of the situation, looked at each other, a shiver ran down his spine.

She wouldn’t have been washed away, right?

He wanted to stand up, but because of the burst of pain in his chest, he crouched down.

“Lord Edgar, please don’t move recklessly, you’re bleeding a lot.”

The blood on his soaked shirt had expanded quite extensively. He was hit by the driftwood; thus, he sustained an injury.

However, with regards to sustaining injuries, he was simply indifferent to this kind of thing.

“Let me go, Raven, I must go and save Lydia.....”

“Lydia was brought back.”

A man with black curly hair stood in front.

“Kelpie..... you said that she was brought back?”

“Yes, although you made out Lydia’s identity, it was a step late. The giant, who holds the Moonstone ring, used magic to bring Lydia back.”

After Kelpie finished speaking, he threw something towards Edgar.

He caught a ceramic doll.

This was a doll that he had given to Lydia as a present previously. The doll’s brown hair, green eyes, as well as its gentle expression all overlapped with the feeling of Liz.

"I used changeling's magic to exchange Lydia with that doll, so Lydia's appearance was very similar to that doll. This was the only way to enable Lydia, whose ring was stolen by the giant, to return to the human world."

Regardless of what method was used, and whatever appearance she turned into, Lydia wanted to return to Edgar's side. Discontented, Kelpie spoke.

"I didn't expect you to go as far as to consider Lydia as Ulysses' underling."

The feeling of pain came once more. Edgar glared at Kelpie and said:

"It's all because you were too careless and was discovered by Patrick. I heard that there was an unseelie court keeping a close watch over Liz, it's only logical that I would only think of Ulysses....."

"That's right, I really was careless. Furthermore, this guy set up a trap, so I had no way to get close to Lydia, or else I could at least immediately save her, who fell into the river."

Remorseful, Edgar pushed aside his dishevelled and wet blonde hair, trying to calm down.

Lydia seemed to have been captured by the giant, but as long as she wasn't washed away by the water, she would still be alive. For Edgar, this was a bit of salvation.

"Earl, I must advise you first, the Trows aren't being that ordinary humans can mess around with and find ways to fight against them. Even if it was me, I wouldn't want to directly fight with a giant."

Kelpie appeared to be anticipating what Edgar was going to say.

"Kelpie, no matter who the opponent is, I will rescue Lydia."

Kelpie laughed grimly. Rather than saying that he couldn't stand it, it would be better to say that because he anticipated Edgar's reply, he laughed.

"Do whatever you want, but I won't help you. Earl, although I decided to protect Lydia, I can't stand by your side. You ought to understand, right?"

I understand that clearly.

Kelpie knew about the matter of Edgar and Prince combining into one person. He seemed to want to completely protect Lydia, and would oppose her marriage with Edgar, but he merely chose to respect Lydia's decision.

"Of course, I don't plan on helping Ulysess."

With those words, Kelpie's presence instantly disappeared. Although Edgar saw Patrick running over towards him, he, who had already exhausted his remaining

strength, collapsed due to the pain of the wound and the extreme cold.

Amongst the high fever, Edgar was constantly having nightmares.

Despite the Merrow's sword protecting Edgar and rejecting the Prince's influence, it seemed unable to make Edgar escape from a simple nightmare. Edgar found himself within flames several times.

It was the memory of the mansion where his parents and the others lived in, being burned in flames until there was practically nothing left. It must have been the high temperature of his body that evoked this dream.

But amongst the flames, he was searching for Lydia. Each of the mansion's designs were all a part of the Sylvainford manor where he lived in as a child, but he was desperately looking for Lydia.

Lydia, whose presence was lost in the water, was obviously unable to appear in the fire, but he looked incessantly.

His body seemed to be burning up.

Lydia couldn't be found anywhere.

Ah that's right, she already said goodbye to me.

Ultimately, Edgar arbitrarily wished to possess Lydia, arbitrarily refused her, and gave her dreadful memories. It was probably a matter of course that she would leave Edgar.

However, if I don't have Lydia, then it's impossible for me to survive.

That's why, if I'm unable to bring her back, I wish that I could be swallowed up in flames like this.

Although Edgar thought this, he woke up due to feeling thirsty.

It was probably approaching daybreak. Some grey rays of light penetrated the curtains, which fluttered faintly in the room. With his body thirsting for water, he picked up the drinking glass and finished it, then felt dumbfounded as it didn't seem that he was going to die this time.

Edgar still felt thirsty, so he reached for the glass, but the wound on his chest pained him to the point of practically curling up, nearly turning the pitcher over. Suddenly, someone stretched their hand out.

He caught the pitcher, refilled the glass with water once more, and handed it to Edgar.

"Raven..... you were here."

Raven nodded in silence.

"You haven't slept?"

"I don't need to sleep."

"You had better take a rest. You've also been imprisoned for a long time, so you should be tired."

"A lot of time shouldn't have passed in the fairy realm."

That's right, I recall that the passage of time in the fairy realm is different from the human world.

Edgar smiled wryly for unexpectedly not even understanding this basic knowledge.

".....If you are not tired, then tell me what happened. What is the background of the Trow that used the Moonstone ring to take Lydia away?"

Now was not the time to sleep. He had to grasp the situation immediately and decide on countermeasures. Because of the fever, he passed the time in a daze, which really was unfortunate.

"Lord Edgar, although your injury isn't deep, your ribs appear to be cracked. The physician explained that you must rest for one week."

"Didn't I sleep for a very long time?"

"Only seventeen hours."

"That's already enough, Raven. Doctors always believe that their work is very important, so they over exaggerate."

Edgar, who finished the second glass of water, was still in pain due to the fever and wound, yet he sat up from the bed.

Raven got a robe, draped it on Edgar's shoulders, then explained the passing matters.

The unusual changes that occurred on the Highlands also brought about a negative influence to the fairy clans dwelling on the island. The Trows, who were addressed as the sun giants, were old friends of the McKeel clan, and in order to make the McKeel clan Prophet's fiancée as their bride, one Trow amongst them came over to seek her.

However, the giant didn't know who the human girl proficient in fairy magic was, so Raven and Nico made the giant believe for the time being that the person he wanted to grab was Lota.

During this time, Lydia relied on Kelpie's assistance, took advantage of the changeling magic, and tried to stay by Edgar's side.

But the giant used the Moonstone ring to bring Lydia back. He had already discovered that Lydia was the girl that he wanted to find.

The giant who captured Lydia and Lota was said to be staying in a “shallow zone” of the fairy realm. He seemed to have said that in order to return to his country, he had to spend several days waiting for the connecting paths, but Edgar didn’t know how long the time that the giant spoke of would be in the human world.

Besides, the opponent that had to be dealt with now was only one giant; in their country, there ought to be a large group of giants, so wanting to bring Lydia back would surely be more difficult.

He had to hurry and rescue Lydia, but what did he have to do to reach the giant’s side, who was in the fairy realm? Even Kelpie advised him, saying that it was a fairy that humans were simply unable to handle, so how could Edgar cope? If he didn’t think of a way from these two points, then he would simply be unable to act.

Raven saw the giant, and said that human weapons, with regards to the giant using magic in quick succession, weren’t the least bit effective.

“Did Patrick say anything? Wasn’t Fergus captured by the giant?”

“Yes, I already informed him of Mr. McKeel’s matters, but he said that there was no way to do anything himself.”

“He plans to abandon the clan head’s son.”

“They were originally acquainted with the giants, so he seems to believe that the fairy won’t harm Mr. McKeel..... In addition, there is another matter that is purely speculated. It’s that the McKeel clan originally decided in advance for Lydia to become the Prophet’s fiancée, but the giant wanted to have this kind of girl. So will Fergus and McKeel return back to where their clan head is by their dealings with the giants?

“In other words, as long as he promises to hand Lydia over to the giant, Fergus will be able to return?”

Edgar angrily threw the drinking glass towards the wall.

“That’s too much, if they really do.....”

The reason why he swallowed back the words that were to follow was because he felt that those words ought to be spoken ruthlessly to Patrick.

“In the end, it was because both Fergus and Patrick were watching Lydia that

the matters would become this way.”

But overall, he felt quite concerned. Kelpie deliberately stated that he wasn’t planning on helping Ulysses, could it be that there was a correlation between the giant and Ulysses?

Why did Kelpie know that the giant wanted to kidnap Lydia?

“Raven, do you feel that this time, Ulysses is behind this?”

As soon as Edgar asked, Raven solemnly nodded.

“Lord Edgar, when I was being pursued by the giant, it was my sister who saved me.”

“Ermine?”

As he spoke that name out, his mind was unable to control the pain.

Regardless of when, what Edgar wished for most was for Ermine to obtain happiness. He had always considered Ermine as his most important person; regardless of having a number of lovers, he wouldn’t take Ermine as his romantic partner.

It was like this before he met Lydia.

For Edgar, Lydia had already become an existence more important than anyone else in his mind. Because he discovered that even if he stood in the position of a master, he was already unable to protect Ermine, so he decided to separate from her.

Even though Ermine became an enemy, Raven was certainly still her brother. However, Ermine and Edgar didn’t have any connections anymore.

Although he didn’t know what Ermine, who was under Ulysses, was thinking, in order to protect Lydia, she really was a person who he should be vigilant against.

“In other words, Ermine knew that you were lingering around in the fairy realm.”

“She seems to know a lot of things. Although she didn’t explain it to me, she only mentioned one point, and that was for me to not let you approach the giant.”

“Not let me approach the giant?”

Ermine knew that it was possible for the matter to develop like this.

She knew that Lydia was being watched by the giant, and believed that Edgar would surely step forward recklessly.

Edgar cautiously pondered.

“What is Ulysses’s goal?”

This didn’t need to be asked at all, because his goal was to make Edgar become the Prince. They really needed Prince as the successor to the British throne. Ermine then said to not approach the giant.

What would happen if he approached the giant? Who did Ermine give advice for?

If it was for Raven, then approaching the giant on behalf of Edgar would perhaps bring about some kind of influence on the Prince’s memories within his body, which would benefit Ulysses.

“Ulysses knew of Fergus’ and the others’ actions and purposes, and he also knew of the giants. If me getting caught up in a conflict with the giant is a good thing for him, then maybe he informed the giant about Lydia’s matters.”

“Yes.”

How could I sit and watch Lydia be taken advantage of?

He was angry to the point of feeling dizzy.

Edgar heavily lied back down on the bed, and because of the headache and wound pain, he grimaced.

“May I ask if you need me to go and get the pain killers?”

Although Raven’s tone was quite flat, he stood still. It was probably because Edgar seemed to be in a lot of pain, and he didn’t know what to do.

“Will it also be effective on heartache?”

Raven seemed be concerned as he tilted his head.

“You see, Raven, Lydia had been by my side all along. She took the initiative to embrace me, and say that she loves me, but I didn’t notice that she was Lydia. Just thinking of this, it hurts to the point of death.”

Compared to this pain, the wound and fever were practically like the sting of insects, where they didn’t hurt nor did they tickle.

He had to rescue Lydia. Even if it was difficult once more, Edgar, who struggled through countless crises to this day, believed that there was surely a way out. But after succeeding in overcoming this crisis, what gaze would Lydia look at him with? This made him more worried than anything else.

“Would Lydia be willing to forgive me?”

Raven appeared to have contemplated for a while, then as if he thought of

something, he took a step forward.

"It will be alright Lord Edgar. As long as I apologize properly, Mr. Nico will forgive me."

Although Edgar didn't understand how this was related to Lydia, he felt that he seemed to have gained strength, subsequently relaxing the corners of his mouth.

I can still fight, the battle hasn't ended.

From the perspective of Ulysses, Edgar was merely the Prince's pawn, and the people around Edgar were merely stage props urging the pawn to move.

But how could I let him do as he pleases? If they want to use me, then I'm going to use them in return.

"Raven, the sky is almost bright."

"Yes."

"Wake me up after one hour. Also, I have to see Patrick, wake him up and bring him here."

"Understood."

As Edgar listened to the sound of Raven's footsteps leaving the room and closed his eyes.

Chapter 6: The Blue Knight and the Red Knight

“Lydia, hang in there!”

A voice came.

Edgar?

Have you recognised me?

Lydia desperately wanted to open her eyes. She tried open her heavy eyelids, not wanting to miss the slight sensation of light.

There was a hazy figure of a person gazing at her.

It wasn't Edgar, but a girl.

“...Lota...?”

“Lydia! Thank goodness, you're still alive.”

Lota hugged Lydia. As her blurry vision was gradually able to see her surroundings, she found herself in a cave with rocks all around.

There wasn't a trace of a river anywhere, but Lydia's whole body was drenched.

“Why am I here...?”

“The giant used magic. Seeing you washed up here with the water frightened me.”

It's the Trow. Lydia turned.

Fergus, who was behind Lota, looked at her worriedly. At that moment, she suddenly felt a shadow overhead, and once she looked up, she found a tall bearded man.

It seemed that the giant was using the Moonstone ring to pull Lydia back here. Edgar was still unable to discover her in the end, and so the two were separated. Lydia thought this, and resisted the feeling of wanting to cry. She felt as though Edgar yelled her name. If the feeling of his kiss was an illusion, then only Lydia, who mumbled goodbye at the end, was ready to push this reality onto herself.

“Lota, I'm sorry, I wasn't able to bring reinforcements.”

“It doesn't matter, in any case, there's no way for Edgar to deal with the giant.”

But being brought back by the giant like this, even I can't deal with the giant.

As Lydia hung her head, the giant's voice came from above.

“This is indeed your ring, therefore you are our clan's bride.”

The giant held the Moonstone ring for Lydia to see. She held out her hand, and the giant quickly took the ring back.

“Before entering our country, this will be safeguarded by me.”

This was in order to not let Lydia escape.

After the giant finished speaking, he turned his body away. Because her dress was drenched, Lydia felt cold, and softly sneezed.

“Hey, think of something, Lydia will catch a cold like this. If anything happens to her, you guys will also be very troubled.”

Lota’s words made the giant turn his head and glance. After a slight nod, he waved his wooden staff.

Initially, Lydia’s whole body was soaked, but now not only her clothes, but the water drops in her hair had also dried instantly.

“Ah, that really is a handy tool.”

Fergus mumbled.

When the giant used his wooden staff to touch the rock wall, a pitch-black hole appeared on the wall. From that hole, he left. Lydia stole a glance at the cave, quickly determining that if she remained here, then she wouldn’t have the opportunity to escape.

“Trow, wait a minute.”

While she called the giant, she thought of what should be said.

“Umm, I have only heard rumors, but the giants truly are very powerful magicians.”

At any rate, she first grinned.

Most fairies had a very strong ego. In order to try and please them, and to avoid letting them do evil things, since ancient times, humans addressed fairies as “good people” or “the gentry”.

Even if they were a giant, as long as one praised them, there absolutely wouldn’t be evil deeds.

Just as expected, the giant responded back with, “of course”, and stopped its footsteps, seemingly waiting for more praise.

“Mr. Trow, I just happened to fall into the river a moment ago. Had it not been your use of magic to bring me back, I would’ve certainly drowned, therefore, I am very grateful to you.”

The giant nodded with satisfaction.

I must make him trust me.

While Lydia thought, she put out her hands for a handshake with a cute posture.

“Being able to become the bride of the giants, I really feel honored.”

Surely even Lota felt uneasy, and poked Lydia.

“What are you saying?” Lota whispered.

It’s all right, Lydia seemed to be saying through a gesture. She side-waved her hand to stop Lota as she turned to face the giant.

“Oh great Mr. Trow, can you let me see more of your powerful magic again?

Certainly, you can do something to make humans gasp in amazement, right?”

“I can do anything.”

“For example, can you transform into a bean?”

Although it was a very traditional bargain, Lydia could only think of this.

“Bean?”

“Ah, umm... I wonder.... is it impossible? Even if it was Mr. Trow, having such a large body turning into a very small bean is very difficult isn’t it?”

Lydia didn’t know whether or not the giant would sense her attempt and lose his temper. While she was afraid she stiffly smiled and gradually moved back. Lota also probably knew what Lydia was worried of, and she held her breath, watching quietly from the side.

“Didn’t I say that I could do anything?”

The giant waved the wooden staff, and the tall figure disappeared instantly. A pea fell from the area where he originally stood.

“Hey, Fergus, now is the time to eat it!”

Lota lowered her voice and commanded Fergus, and he gazed at her with an astonished face.

“M-me? I don’t want to, how could I eat the giant?”

“That’s a bean, legends say that if you eat it, you’ll be able to have a happy ending.”

“I said I don’t want to, so why don’t you go and eat it?”

Fergus’ retort made her not know what ought to be said, and it seemed that she certainly didn’t want to eat it.

“What do you think? Are you guys astonished?”

A proud voice came from the bean.

Lydia felt a burst of anxiety.

“Y-yes, it’s truly astonishing, how amazing.”

Lota was still behind Lydia, and quietly answered back.

“Are you considered a man like this? By not eating it now and not showing Lydia your strong points, you won’t be able to beat Edgar!”

“If I have an upset stomach and die because I ate that, what are you going to do? There aren’t any damn chances of winning either!”

“What are you guys whispering about?”

“We weren’t, everyone was very impressed!”

Despite Lota and Fergus promptly shutting their mouths, confronting a bean who simultaneously spoke and subtly moved, let alone saying to eat it, even coming near required courage.

“But, Mr. Giant, beans won’t speak nor move. If you can resemble a real bean, then no matter what happens, you’d be motionless and quiet, and we would be even be more impressed!”

Lydia tried to persuade him like this.

“So that’s it.” After the bean mumbled this, there was no more movement.

Lydia softly walked over and picked up the bean; there was completely no difference between that and a genuine bean.

“Lydia, don’t do this, tell Fergus to eat it. We’re facing this kind of matter because of this guy.”

Fergus was ruthlessly pushed over by Lota, but he appeared to be resisting all along.

Lydia herself didn’t want to eat it.

But she also didn’t know how long the giant will maintain this state.

She looked around, then her eyes stopped at a small crack in the rock wall.

Lydia threw the bean in and hastily picked up the giant’s wooden staff afterwards.

“At any rate, let’s escape quickly.”

“If we do this, that guy can’t budge?”

“I don’t know, perhaps we’ll only win a little more time.”

After she used the front of the wooden staff to tap the rock wall, an entrance opened.

From there, the three ran out of the cave.

After they arrived outside, vast plains were before them, while an immense rock towered behind them. They knew that what they just escaped from was shut in this rock.

After that, they ran together. On the other side of the plains, a forest could vaguely be seen. They instinctively headed towards the forest in order to hide. As soon as they reached the entrance of the forest, they all heard a loud sound, and the ground began to shake.

Frightened, they look back and saw what looked like the dust of a volcanic eruption coming out incessantly from the nearby rocks that they were concealed in.

“Was it that giant guy who destroyed the rock, and came out from that small crack...?”

Fergus muttered while shivering.

“Luckily, you didn’t eat it.”

He answered with an annoyed look to Lota, who spoke these words frankly.

“The wooden staff is calling the giant.”

Lydia felt the wooden staff in her hand produce a gloomy moan. That way, the giant would know of their whereabouts.

While Lydia fled into the forest, she searched for the mountain-ash tree.

After finding it at long last, she laid the wooden staff beside the tree trunk.

The wooden staff no longer groaned. This was because the mountain-ash tree possessed formidable exorcism powers.

“That way, the giant will have to spend a little bit of time to be able to find the wooden staff.”

“But Lydia, if that guy obtains the wooden staff, he would use the Moonstone ring to bring you back again, right?”

That was quite so. But if things went smoothly, Lota and Fergus will be able to return to the human world.

“Speaking of that, what happened to Nico and Raven?”

“Ohh, those two escaped first, they said they were going to get help, then they left me.”

If Raven and Nico were together, then he should have returned to the human world by now. But she couldn’t expect anyone coming to save her.

Since Nico could not lead anyone else besides Lydia into the fairy world.

But. She tried to think positively. Edgar had the cooperation of Patrick. Perhaps Patrick could do something as a fairy doctor.

Besides, if Edgar came to save Lydia, then with regards to Lydia, the bond would be stronger compared to that of the Moonstone, and she would not be kidnapped by the giant.

She wanted to see Edgar. Lydia simply thought so. Not using Liz's identity, but rather properly using the identity of Lydia to see him.

Using the identity as his fiancée, his lover to see him.

Perhaps she would never see him again. Lydia, whose mind was filled with this idea, as she single-mindedly longed for Edgar, completely forgetting about the pain.

"Well, we should try to go a little further."

After leaving the rowan tree, the three ran into the middle of the forest once again.

*

After Edgar prepared his outfit, he met with Patrick in the small reception room of the mansion.

Patrick was probably woken up roughly by Raven and brought over from the hotel. Only his head with messy hair was seen, no necktie, and his coat just seemed to be barely put on.

He clearly showed an unpleasant expression, and felt quite unhappy about this.

"Earl, please forgive me for this kind of disrespectful attire to come and see you, after all, I did not have the time to prepare my appearance."

Although he threw out sarcastic words once he opened his mouth, Edgar still sat in his chair smiling.

"Don't mind it, I had something that I needed to find you for, I don't intend talk about your clothes at all."

"You fainted just yesterday, but your condition seems quite well."

"Actually it's not, so I don't intend for small chat. Next, getting straight to the point, I have several things that I want to ask you."

"May I sit down?"

After Edgar waved as an indicator, Patrick sat down in the chair in front of him.

"Before I ask questions, I must first clearly state that Lydia was able to be kidnapped, and that the responsibility is clearly on you guys. Not only did you guys want to make Miss Carlton, who already severed relations with the McKeel clan, return to the clan for your own benefit, you also made the giant, whom you're familiar with, know of this matter, which would have brought about the current situation."

Even if it truly was Ulysses' organization who revealed Lydia's existence for the giants to know, Edgar still wanted to blame Patrick, otherwise he would be unable to calm his mood.

"In order to bring her back, I'll have you guys take the most appropriate and best measures. If you guys still plan on having the chance to make Lydia the Prophet's fiancee afterwards, then you had best abandon that kind of thought now, understand?"

Patrick neither said yes or no.

"Do you not intend to chat?"

"This is a very important matter. From now on, you should best remember how angry I am, otherwise you won't be able to set foot in the Highlands again."

Edgar didn't need his reply at all. Besides, Patrick at the moment should not intend to resist him. For Edgar, there was a very important point, that is, he wanted Patrick to put up with him rather than aiding him.

Because he couldn't owe this guy favors.

"In that case, I'll ask you first. Is there a way to bring Lydia back from the giant's hands?"

"There isn't."

"It's not completely impossible, right?"

"The sun giants are those who won't die."

"They absolutely won't die?"

Edgar and Patrick glared at each other for a while and finally Patrick conceded and said:

"There is only one legend as an exception, as the giants were also called the gods of ancient times, some philosopher said: 'the sun giants absolutely won't die, apart from being engulfed by the sea three times.'"

"The sea engulfing the sun...doesn't that refer to the sunset?"

Patrick nodded cautiously.

“Before, people believed that the so-called eternal daytime phenomenon was due to the giants carrying the sun, not letting it fall. Although this is only a legend, their magic is indeed related to the movement of the sun. Generally speaking, giants will turn into stone when shone on by the sunlight for the most part, but the giants will really avoid sunset, because their magic becomes weak.”

“In that case, if that opportunity is seized, then Lydia can be brought back.” Patrick firmly shook his head, admonishing Edgar from urgently issuing a verdict.

“Their magic will only weaken a little regardless. On our island, the sun will set the same during the summer solstice, where daytime is the longest, but the giants won’t die. The important point of the interpretation of that sentence should be the words “three times”, but we’re not clear about the legend’s meaning, and we’re also unsure of what the giants could actually die from.”

Be that as it may, this also meant that it really wasn’t completely impossible to overthrow the giants. For Edgar, this was a thread of hope, but it was Patrick who allowed Edgar to hit a snag.

“Earl, the majority of fairies won’t die. Even if their form disappears, they will appear again somewhere like a cloud, with raindrops descending. For fairies, on the other hand, dying is having the magic to maintain their form being snatched away, could you do this?”

“Then what about you?”

Edgar asked in reply.

“Aren’t you a fairy doctor? You have proficient fairy magic abilities.”

How could I possibly do it...! Not only did he whisper in surprise, he also frowned, seemingly expressing that he was asked about an unpleasant matter.

“I only have the power that the seelie court shared with me. If I truly had the kind of power that could kill the unseelie court, then that is the ability of an unseelie.”

Was Lydia also like this?

She was a kind-hearted fairy doctor. Because of this, she became Edgar’s ray of hope. However, Edgar had already become utterly filthy, because he inherited the Prince’s cursed core.

At the same time, the Prince was also the master of Ulysses, who controlled the

unseelie court.

If Edgar was likely to become that kind of person, would Lydia loathe him like Patrick, who was before his eyes?

“Seelie court hold good intentions for mankind, occasionally also giving a portion of their unimaginable strength to humans, but it’s difficult for humans to go and access unseelie court magic. Not to mention, there has never been a person who obtained their magic, as humans are probably unable to bear those kinds of awful things.”

Patrick simply didn’t know that humans can sometimes become something even more terrifying than unseelie court and demons. Edgar believed so. He himself was likely to be that sort of human.

On the verge of death, the Prince said that Edgar would one day take the initiative to wish for the Prince’s status.

This was impossible. Edgar had already decided that no matter what would happen in the future, he needed to use the status of the Blue Knight Earl to survive.

On the other hand, he also pondered that if it was in order to save Lydia, he could even abandon the Blue Knight Earl’s name.

Could it be that Ulysses’s aim was.....

If he began from this point, in order to make Edgar become the “Prince”.....

Edgar used his feverish head that was yet to be reduced, to unwillingly reflect upon the matter, but he would feel dizzy if he tried.

“.....First, putting aside the issue of whether or not humans are able to accept it, I’m asking you, is there a way to do it?”

Despite this, Edgar still tried to orient the discussion towards the core of the subject.

“What things?”

“A way to obtain unseelie court magic.”

Patrick revealed a bitter laugh, a laugh at Edgar’s ignorance.

The fairy world was not simple enough to let one, who had Blue Knight Earl’s name in vain, and lacked the ability to communicate with fairies, rely on their interests to enter.

“Do you want to taste fairy flesh? However, they don’t have a physical body, so the correct wording should be fairy essence. It is said that one could rely on this

method to ingest a fairy's magic, but I do not know if it's really false."

At this time, a scene flashed through Edgar's mind.

Some kind of substance very much like a worm wriggled in the middle of a furnace. In addition, the black bodily fluid was slowly dripping down from the rising smoke. It was similar to carrying out an alchemy experiment in a marvelous facility. Was it the Prince's memories that made him have nightmares?

As he thought of this moment, he suddenly sensed a rotten odor that depressed his chest. The faint scent gave him cold sweats, even having the sense of complete paralysis.

This was Prince's memories, the first disaster that the Prince of Calamity experienced. This was nothing more than a matter happening on someone else. But the substance of the memory taught Edgar nevertheless. It forced Edgar to use the senses of his whole body to understand and to experience it again for himself. This was all for the purposes of making the new body recall that ominous memory.

"Lord Edgar."

Raven, who originally stood silently in a corner of the room, noticed that there was something odd about Edgar, thus he called out.

The feeling of nausea, chills and dizziness attacked Edgar in one breath, and he was unable to make a sound.

(My lord, do you wish to be associated with an unseelie court?)

He heard Arrow's voice.

(If you wish for it in this way, even if it's a mere bad thing, I won't be able to disperse them.)

Although his whole body was very tired, and even his eyes couldn't open, amazingly, his mind was completely awake.

Edgar wasn't asleep at all, but he could clearly hear Arrow's voice.

(The foreign matter inside your body may tell you the things that you want to know, but the more you know, the more your memories will bit by bit mix together with another person's.)

As Arrow had said, Edgar fully knew himself that the way to understand unseelie court magic was in his own body; that is, within the Prince's memories. Patrick said that if one ate the flesh of a fairy, then one could learn their magic, and Prince probably did this.

They ought to have been in that area similar to a laboratory, extracting fairy essence and having the Prince drink it.

He thus became the Prince of Calamity — as a human being who was able to manipulate the unseelie court.

However, Edgar only knew the things they had done and did not obtain the ability to manipulate fairy magic.

If one wished to obtain that kind of ability, it must have been after the memory of Prince drinking the horrible fairy essence that was extracted.

But as long as he understood unseelie court magic, then could this open the possibility of having Lydia rescued?

If that were the case, he won't reject becoming aware of the memory's contents.

Lydia was already hurt. He didn't want to let her have anymore painful memories.

It was entirely him who put forward unreasonable demands on Lydia, making her cry, however she didn't hesitate to use changeling magic and return to the human world. This was because Edgar hoped that she would stay by his side.

Even if Edgar suspected that she was Ulysses's subordinate, she wanted to believe in Edgar until the last moment.

So, Edgar couldn't give up.

"Arrow, can you leave for the time being?"

Ulysses wanted to let Edgar fight with the giant; in that case, the method to overthrow the giant was certainly inside of Edgar.

The Prince's memories within his body must know the way.

(My lord, you really are very reckless.)

Arrow, who was shocked, disappeared like that.

Edgar shut his eyes, and felt a heavy drowsiness pulling at him. At the same time, he set a firm resolve in his heart.

If someone wanted to use him, then he will in turn, use them.

Edgar may go and slightly approach the Prince in accordance with Ulysses'

scheme, but Ulysses does not fully understand him.

Ulysses also doesn't know how strong he will become for Lydia.

As long as he had Lydia by his side, even if Edgar have in contact with the Prince's memories, he would be absolutely be able to preserve himself.

I will prove it for you guys to see.

Fairy essence was poured into the newborn infant's mouth.

The infant that was still unable to comprehend the other things of the world, understood the secrets of the unseelie court first.

It was not something it could comprehend through reasoning, rather it is a feeling as if controlling its limbs required no thought.

Edgar did not drink the essence, so he only knew the things that Prince understood.

He understood what he knew in the end, merely gazing at the dream's follow-up.

Not knowing when, fairies with grotesque forms surrounded Edgar. He instinctively felt fear towards the group of dreadful existences, thus he drew back.

Two hooded crows fluttered over his head and squawked while fairies with a monstrous appearance kneeled at the same time before him.

“Your Highness.”

Was the hooded crow using the honorific addressing the Prince to call him?

“Provided that you become the King, are you willing to achieve my awaited wish?”

“Supposing that you're willing to promise, I will stay by your side when the chance arises.”

Was Prince exchanging promises with them? In order to ascend to the British throne and obtain the fairies' strength, he accepted the unseelie court's request?

Edgar was silent, thus the fairies approached him step by step, seemingly urging him to reply, reducing the surrounding circle.

He felt that he wanted to know what would happen next. As long as he knew everything about Prince, wouldn't the fight become much simpler?

The giant's matter was the same; the things that Ulysses knows, the Prince also must know.

Thus, he already knew what Prince planned to do in the human world, yet he still didn't grasp the connection between him and the fairies, what was happening in the fairy world, as well as what might happen afterwards.

When this idea instantly appeared within his mind, a blue light flashed across the sky.

The hooded crows let out a blood-curdling screech and quickly backed away.

A sword, flashing a pale blue light, appeared in front of Edgar, piercing perfectly straight into the ground like a cross.

(You should have already obtained the matter that you wanted to know, assimilating with any more memories is very dangerous.)

".....Arrow."

(Accessing that memory will not only let you know of its contents, it will also become a part of your body.)

Edgar held the sword.

He felt the sword's magic seemingly combine with himself, and he had this feeling for the first time.

However, existing in Edgar's body was unseelie court magic.

The sword, as if echoing that magic, appeared to slowly change the color of its light.

The sapphire transformed into a ruby.

He waved the sword before thinking, and used the pointed edge to slice the fairies before him into two halves.

After the fairies with grotesque appearances scattered, Edgar saw that there was a person's figure at the other end.

They held a sword imbedded with a bright star ruby, gazing at him with astonishment.

Edgar was also shocked, because that was him.

This was the same with the dream which he didn't know when it happened.

Two people were standing opposite of each other, holding the sword with the ruby and sapphire, respectively. Regardless of which, both were Edgar.

Which one is the real me? While Edgar still didn't know, he felt both swords were about to slice down towards him at the same time, thus he spoke out to stop them.

(Please be careful, that is the power sealed within the Merrow's sword.)

By the time Edgar noticed, he was already left alone in the darkness.

(What the sword originally held was seelie court magic, but you still aren't able to use this magic, so you'll be able to manipulate unseelie court powers. Even I can't do anything to predict how the future will develop.)

He only heard Arrow's voice.

"When the sapphire emits a red light, this sword can then kill fairies, correct?"

(This power that can kill such beings named fairies, whether it's an unseelie or a seelie fairy, it doesn't matter. Thus, this sword originally was dreaded by the fairies. The first Earl, that is, a person called the Blue Knight Earl, due to swearing loyalty to the British king, he was able to use the sword to pacify the situation that created threat in his own territory. The British king handed over the sword to the Earl, and safeguarded his territory together with his status as a retainer.)

"After the Blue Knight Earl obtained the sword, was it in order to seal the fairies' power?"

(The Blue Knight Earl, by means of taking the star, that is; taking my engraved sapphire, he made the sword only belong to him. The Blue Knight Earl did not possess unseelie court magic, but as long as he did this, the red-powered sword originally wouldn't awaken.)

However, as the sword's master, Edgar knew the unseelie court's strength, and besides, he really wasn't the Blue Knight Earl even though he obtained the sword, so it's no wonder that Arrow had difficulty predicting future developments.

"You used the sword's strength to disperse the fairies, what's the difference between this and the sword's red power?"

(I am the same as Little Bow, as I can only purify the unseelie court magic. Purification is balance magic, letting it return to its natural condition, not killing the fairy at all. However, the ruby concealed within the sword will completely absorb any fairies that are killed, making them perish from this world, unable to return again.)

“...What about the sun giant? If the sword’s seal was undone, then there’s a way to kill the giant?”

(It’s best you don’t lift the seal. If it’s undone, then nobody can seal it again.)

Was he going to bury himself one day in the future? Like that sort of dream that he recently had.

“Is there a way?”

In spite of this, Edgar still asked.

Arrow paused and did not answer.

(If you do not understand the legend’s underlying meaning, then you’ll be unable to kill the giant.)

Perhaps Arrow thought that he was unable to converse with this kind of master.

His breath escaped as if it disappeared all of a sudden. Edgar also woke up from his sleep and opened his eyes.

“Lord Edgar.”

Raven watched Edgar intently. Although his expression was equally calm, he was certainly quite worried.

Edgar slept on the parlor’s sofa. He didn’t seem to have lost consciousness for a long time.

“Ah...Raven, did I faint?”

“Yes.”

“What about Patrick?”

“He’s waiting in the other room, do I need to ask him to come again another day?”

“No, no need.”

Edgar sat up and looked at his hands.

Apparently nothing had changed, he also felt that it merely seemed like a dream, but as he thought of the sword’s matter, he turned. Not knowing when, he saw that the sword was placed beside him.

Originally, it should have been in the bedroom.

Although it was the sword’s hidden power, did Edgar already acquire a way to manipulate its magic?

He extended his hand to pick up the sword.

In his dream, he sensed a feeling of him and the sword becoming one, but that kind of feeling didn't appear now, and the sapphire stone's color also did not indicate a change.

Was the seal not so simple to undo?

Even if merely obtaining unseelie court power couldn't be accomplished; or, as long as the enemy that he wanted to kill appeared before him, would he know what to do?

"Raven, I..... uncovered the Prince's memories."

Edgar spoke to him, while using his finger to stroke the sword placed by his knee.

"Only a little, really only a little..... I wanted the power to be able to rescue Lydia. I think that if this is Ulysses' plan, then accessing Prince's memories is the only way to beat the giant."

Raven stood motionless as he listened.

"However, this had absolutely breached a taboo against my initial determination, as I took the initiative to access those memories. I originally believed that I wouldn't change, but now, perhaps I'm not at all alike with the me from before."

Although he believed that he only changed a little, would there be a day where he will be dominated by the Prince? Perhaps Ulysses's purpose was this point.

"Raven, you're surely able to understand whether or not I'm beyond from my own mentality. If I am no longer myself, then you will have to dispose of me..... Afterwards, I want you to protect Lydia."

Raven, after thinking for a moment, finally opened his mouth and said:

"No, Lord Edgar, the person who must protect Miss Lydia is you. Are you able to hand this matter over to other people?"

Once he thought that this was of course, the only logical reason, he then felt that he didn't find himself to be quite funny.

"Ahh, I can't do that, can I?"

As long as Edgar thought this way, he would still be himself. As long as he was able to see someone more important than himself, more important than anything else, he would be able to remain himself.

Raven's words made him relax a little. With that being the case, now Edgar

hadn't changed.

"Bring Patrick here."

After watching Raven leave the parlor, Edgar gazed at the Merrow's glittering star sapphire.

The scarlet ruby was concealed within the star sapphire. Once the ruby awakens, Edgar would no longer be able to seal it, it was said that unseelie court bringing about changes in the sword was a bad sign for the Earl.

However, this was the sword's original power, so this power also belonged to all of the Earl's family. Despite the unseelie magic being a taboo kind of power, wasn't this a power entrusted to the Blue Knight Earl?

Or rather, couldn't Edgar use the name of the Blue Knight Earl to draw out this power?

As the Blue Knight Earl, who lacked the sapphire's power, would this be prohibited?

The sound of knocking at the door made Edgar look up.

Patrick was led into the parlor by Raven again, and Edgar stopped thinking.

Then, he picked up the Merrow's sword and stood up.

"Patrick, you are an outstanding fairy doctor, correct? I want you to take me to the fairy world where the giants are now, can you manage that?"

"Now? Earl, you fainted just a moment ago."

The black-haired man's reason for asking wasn't because he was worried about Edgar's condition, rather he was unwilling to aid in this obviously reckless action.

"Rather than worrying about me, you should worry about whether or not you'll become bedridden. Didn't I tell you? I am very angry at you guys."

"If you want to make enemies with the giants, I would rather stay in bed on your behalf as a matter of fact."

He was also full of humor, but Edgar couldn't give up on the idea.

"Regardless of whether or not you want to stay in bed, allowing your clan to disappear isn't your real intention, right? Ahh yes, I am indeed just a brat who has the Blue Knight Earl's name in vain, but the title of the Earl of England is genuine, even if I'm unable to use magic, I am very aware on how to use authority."

"You want to threaten a person whose position is weak?"

"This has nothing to do with the position of being strong or weak. I will stop at nothing to deal with people who want to take what's important to me, even if it's your prophet who wants to put a hand on Lydia, then I'll make him sleep forever, that's all."

Patrick bit his lip, but this was his last act of resistance.

"The preparations are complete."

For some reason, Raven was carrying Nico under his arm.

"Eh? What's going on? Do I also have to go?"

Nico was holding a teacup, his face in a state of confusion, as if he were leisurely drinking tea when he was suddenly brought over by Raven.

"For Mr. Nico, Miss Lydia is the second most important person next to himself, therefore you should also be worried and restless, so leave it to me to bring you over."

"Whaaat! No, but since the Earl wants to go, then I won't....."

"From here on, there's no way to enter the fairy world, so please travel a little further, Earl."

Nico spoke half his sentence, then was interrupted by a disgruntled Patrick, thus he had no choice but to be held by Raven and journey together.

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Kelpie used his dark horse appearance to gallop across the white beach. He was looking everywhere for Lydia, who should have been brought back to the fairy world by the giants, but he still couldn't find her. Running alone wasn't the answer, therefore he arrived at the seashore, running quickly while calling out to the sea.

"Hey Selkie clan, I want to ask you something!"

However, there wasn't any response heard among the waves.

That was to be expected of course. Not only Selkies, regardless of which fairy race it was, they were afraid of being eaten, therefore they generally would not approach Kelpie.

Even if he were to dive into the sea, the Selkies would hide.

There was only one selkie, who wouldn't care at all about coming into contact with Kelpie, and was only human not too long ago.

“Dammit! Where is that woman?”

She should be monitoring the giant’s every move, so she would know of Lydia’s whereabouts.

“Ermine, come out!”

Kelpie called out loudly as he stood in front of the cape.

After he called out several times, he felt that someone was standing behind him.

“Don’t call me so casually, Ulysses doesn’t know that I still have contact with you.”

Kelpie turned his head, seeing her stand at a somewhat distant area. Although she didn’t mind appearing in front of Kelpie, she wouldn’t come too close.

This Selkie was unable to change into the appearance of a seal, always appearing in men’s clothes from when she was alive, or human.

“That Ulysses guy is in the human world, he won’t be able to hear anyway.”

“I do not know if his demon dog subordinates are somewhere eavesdropping.”

Kelpie’s mane trembled, paying complete attention to his surroundings.

“There’s no smell of demon dogs.”

However, Ermine still had both hands on her hips as she stared at Kelpie.

Although she had much more changes in expression compared to her brother, Kelpie had never seen her smile, which he felt was very mysterious.

Her angry expression was quite perfect, possessing both an aggressive and very beautiful appearance was very rare in Selkies. However, Kelpie thought that since she used to be a human woman, she should be able to smile.

Even if this woman wasn’t Lydia, as long as Lydia exposed that kind of smile, it made Kelpie more content compared to eating people. Although in comparison, this interested Kelpie considerably, because he was completely unaware of what circumstances made humans smile, it couldn’t be helped.

“Well, I’ll be careful. I remember that you’re under someone’s command of forcing to obey Ulysses.”

Ermine never voiced a confirmation or denial to this matter, and now she had the expression of not having heard it.

“What did you want to see me for?”

“Lydia was brought back by the giant. This is all because of the Earl family’s engagement ring being kidnapped by the giant, and just when she was nearly

able to return to the human world..... Do you know where she is?"

"If it's the giant's whereabouts, then it's within the rocky region over the two hills. But a moment ago, there was a very great sound and I saw dust."

"What did you say? Then how is Lydia?"

"I don't know, I was just about to go and investigate."

Kelpie intended to dash toward the hills.

"Wait a minute, Lord Edgar seems to have entered this world. No matter what, only he can bring Miss Lydia back, do you understand?"

If the engagement ring is still in the giant's hands, then the circumstances would be like this. Because compared with the link between the ring and Lydia, the bond between her and her fiancé was certainly stronger. Therefore, if Edgar came here, he could bring Lydia back.

"But even if the Earl and the giants are enemies, then he can only be killed."

"It'll be the same if you go."

She spoke this point bluntly like Lydia. Although he was displeased, Kelpie grinned.

"If the Earl was killed, the engagement ring would lose its significance, and maybe the giants won't be able to bind Lydia."

Although Ermine changed her facial expression, she still resolutely replied: "You wouldn't want to make Miss Lydia sad."

"So what then, you have a way to save Lydia and the Earl at the same time?"

"No, at present I can only wait and see."

Wanting to marry the Earl, it would turn out like this. Kelpie thought of Lydia, then had a burst of anxiety.

Even Lydia's clan's problem that was occurring was taken advantage of by Ulysses.

"But, if the Earl dies, then won't Ulysses feel troubled?"

"In critical circumstances, his subordinates would save Lord Edgar on their own."

Kelpie clicked his tongue.

To go as far as to wanting to abandon Lydia. What a joke.

"If things turn out like this, I'll kill your prince, even if he is Lydia's fiancé, it's the same. You just tell those demon dogs this."

Kelpie pushed Ermine away and broke into a run.

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Chapter 7: When the Sun is swallowed by the sea

The three, including Lydia, headed towards the sea. This was because Fergus said that the sun giant clan would be helpless in that area.

But even if they left the forest, there was still a vast plain before their eyes. Although they considered the sun, that was positioned quite low, as the target to go straight forward, it wasn't clear whether or not they were headed towards the sea in the end.

They avoided the plains, walking only along the areas where many trees grew.
"Come to think of it, it's still really strange."

Just as they walked toward the edge of the forest, Lota spoke and squinted her eyes, because the thin clouds illuminated rays of light between them.

"You see, the height of the sun hasn't changed since we left the rocky region where the giant was staying. I don't know whether it's sunrise or sunset. If it was sunrise, the position should become higher: if it's sunset, then it should sink down."

"You're right."

After Lydia confirmed the position of the sun once again, she mumbled.

"Right now, this place is in eternal light, this should be the Trow's magic."

"What, then will it always be daytime?"

"Yes, before I was captured by the Trow and wandered around everywhere, the sun was just about that high. This isn't the Trow's land, so be on the lookout and make sure the sunset isn't coming."

Giants loathe the sunset and the sea. Although this was perhaps their weakness, whether it was human or any fairy clan, they were no match.

"When the sun is swallowed by the sea for the third time".....

The Trow's immortal body will die.

What does this mean?

If she didn't solve this riddle, Lydia would probably be unable to return to Edgar's side.

"Lydia, what's wrong?"

Lota looked back at her. The reason why Lydia stopped her footsteps was because she felt as if she heard Edgar's voice.

But there's no sign of him anywhere, I must have misheard.

Lota pulled Lydia's hand, and she continued walking once again.

"It's going to be alright, it'll be difficult for the giant to find the wooden staff amongst the forest with many grown trees. Nico, Raven and Edgar will definitely think of a way."

Lota tried to cheer Lydia up, probably feeling that Lydia was very restless.

"Besides, Lydia, even if the giant finds the wooden staff and uses magic, I won't leave you alone, I'll stay with you."

Although Lydia felt happy because Lota was grasping her hand firmly, she thought to herself that it was impossible for her to that.

If Lota was taken to the giant's country, her lifespan would be reduced.

"Do you want to take a break? I'm tired."

Lydia deliberately let go of Lota's hand and then leaned against a thick tree trunk.

"Say, I also don't know how long we must walk before we reach the beach. Although you can't feel hungry or thirsty in the fairy world, you can actually get tired."

Lota had also stretched, then casually sat beside the tree roots.

"Hey, Lydia, there is one way that can make you not bound by the engagement ring."

Fergus stood in front of Lydia; rather than saying that he just thought of these words, it would be better to say that he had been thinking for a long time before he spoke out.

"That is to accept my proposal."

"What? Don't be ridiculous."

Although Lota immediately refuted, Fergus held out a single hand toward Lydia who was leaning against the trunk, then continued speaking:

"The reason why the ring that was important to you was snatched away by the giant, is because it's the engagement ring? As long as the engagement is rescinded, then it's merely an ordinary ring, and the Trow won't be able to use magic to kidnap you."

".....That's impossible. Besides, feelings can't be changed like that so easily."

"However, that Earl wasted the chance for you to return to the human world."

That hit the mark. Surprised, Lydia looked up at Fergus.

"Think about it, then you'll understand. I heard that the Kelpie that took you away is a fairy that you're acquainted with?"

If it was a fairy she knew that would want to return Lydia to the fairy world, it would be quite difficult to accomplish without a ring, so he thought that Lydia would consider using changeling magic.

Worthy of being the McKeel clan head's eldest son, he seemed to possess relevant knowledge of fairies.

"If it was me, then I would have recognised you. A fiancée who disappeared because of being involved in a fairy incident, and then there's an unfamiliar woman with him and getting close to him, perhaps he would be suspicious. Then again, that guy claiming to be the Blue Knight Earl obviously knows that Lydia is a fairy doctor, yet he hadn't thought about the possibility of a changeling, this really is too strange."

However, this was inevitable.

Even Lydia didn't think that Edgar would notice that she used changeling magic. She only expected that Edgar would intuitively know that she was by his side.

"Furthermore, the Trow won't give up on you. Even if you return to the human world, they will still kidnap you. Even the Earl, who couldn't make out a changeling, could he find ways to confront the giant? While the giants had once laid an agreement to not kill members of the McKeel clan, they will easily kill other humans. If it's us then it's possible to make a deal with the giants."

Edgar may get killed by the giant.

Lydia noticed this point, and couldn't help but become afraid.

Despite her hoping that Edgar would come and save her, and her wanting to meet with him, if he came here, it may lead to an uncontrollable situation, because he would sometimes handle matters recklessly.

"Fergus, that's enough."

Lydia couldn't answer. Lota wanted to stand in front of her, but Fergus pulled Lydia over to him with a jerk, whose heart was uneasy.

His red hair nearly came across Lydia's cheek.

Lydia was surprised.

The man that would do this to her would only be Edgar.

Lydia had only touched Edgar's blond hair, and it was only with Edgar's ash mauve eyes that were at such a close distance, as she met his eyes when gazing

at each other.

The ice-cold eyes with hidden emotions was the last memory of Lydia and him touching. As that recollection swept past her mind, she felt dazed because of Fergus' passionate gaze.

During her confusion, unable to move, there was something flashing in the sky. A silver ray of light beamed straight down.

"Whoa!"

In the moment that Fergus yelled as he jumped backward, a special sword pierced into the ground where he originally stood.

It was the treasured Merrow's sword.

"W-what is this.....?"

Fergus wanted to take a closer look at the sword when a voice suddenly appeared from deep in the woods.

"Don't touch it! I forbid you to touch my things."

It was Edgar's voice.

Astonished, Lydia stared fixedly, deep into the forest.

The shadow of someone was slowly approaching.

"Didn't I tell you to skewer him from the top of the head?"

After Edgar muttered, the sword began to answer:

(I thought you were joking.)

The sword then disappeared, and Edgar stood from a distance slightly away from Lydia.

She saw Raven and Nico running over from behind, together with Patrick.

Patrick overtook Edgar and ran to Fergus, but Edgar was still standing in place, looking at Lydia with a somewhat sad expression.

"Lydia..... you're safe."

He indeed called out Lydia's name. It was truly a reassuring voice, the familiar and gentle voice that made Lydia want to cling to Edgar on impulse regardless of being seen by the others.

But she couldn't because she was grabbed by Lota, who was beside her.

Did she think that if Edgar noticed Lydia just now doing something with Fergus, he wouldn't accept her?

She clearly knew that it wouldn't be the case, but when she was still "Liz", the feeling of embracing Edgar and being pushed away came again, making her

more fearful.

“Come on, hurry and go, Lydia.”

Lota urged her, but Lydia was unable to leave her.

“B-but Lota..... tell me, do I truly look like Lydia right now?”

“What? What are you saying?”

“Is there anything different?”

“There isn’t. Right, Edgar?”

Edgar saw Lydia appearing as if she wanted to run away, so he felt very troubled. Normally, he would definitely try leaning over and hug her regardless of everything, but now he didn’t do such a thing. Lydia increasingly felt that he wasn’t like usual, certainly because there was something different about herself.

She didn’t know that Edgar found out that Liz was her at that time and didn’t know that he felt heartache for this reason.

“Lydia, we were able to meet again, aren’t you relieved?”

“Hey Edgar, let me first make this clear, the matters just now, Lydia did nothing wrong, it was that guy who insisted on coming near her.”

Lota seemed to think that Lydia was afraid of Edgar’s misunderstanding.

“I know Lydia can’t love a man other than her formal fiancé.”

After Fergus heard this, he suddenly looked back and said:

“What formal fiancé, you didn’t even know about the changeling magic.”

Then he used his passionate gaze from a moment ago to look at Lydia.

“Lydia, think about it carefully. I am not asking you to decide between the Earl and I. Rather, I want you to choose between being forced to be the giant’s bride and returning to the island with me!”

Edgar walked towards Fergus. He pushed aside Patrick who tried to protect Fergus, then he roughly grabbed onto Fergus’s shirt.

“I will never let her become the giant’s bride, I came to defeat it.”

“What? This is why the English are unbearable..... You simply do not understand fairies, and how impossible it is to defeat the Trow. ”

Fergus snorted contemptuously.

“Then do you want to bet your head as the stake? If I win, the next eyesore will be you.”

“Fergus, don’t get provoked.”

Patrick spoke out to stop him, but Fergus wasn't willing to back down.

"Suit yourself, you'll be killed at any rate."

"Edgar, stop it."

Lydia wanted to stop him, thus she left Lota's side. But she still couldn't take the initiative to touch Edgar, so she was only able to worriedly look at the two glaring at each other from behind.

Just then, Lydia felt a strange sensation that struck her like having her hair pulled, causing her whole body to get goosebumps.

"It's the Trow's magic.....!"

Nico yelled.

Instantly, a gust of wind blew. Just as he thought that, the gust swept up the trees, reduced the vortex range that surrounded them and pulled everyone in. While the leaves and dust seized their field of vision, the wind's spiral seemed to have determined a target and caught Lydia.

The giant found the wooden staff, and was using his magic to kidnap Lydia. Edgar grabbed her in the moment that she was almost carried away by the wind, but her body was already floating in the air.

Edgar was clearly here, yet Lydia felt the ring's pull. This was because she faced Edgar with hesitation. Although she understood, she didn't know what to do. Despite this, Edgar still didn't let go of her hand, so the both of them were swept in.

If this continued, Edgar would also be brought to the giant's side, perhaps he will be killed by the giant as Fergus said.

Lydia didn't want this, at the same time, she extended her other hand towards Edgar.

Not long ago, Lydia's hand wasn't able to reach Edgar at the fort's riverbank, but now, she forcefully held on.

He wrapped his hands around Lydia's body, hugging her, and as she leaned against his chest, the wind suddenly calmed down.

The two of them were suddenly released from the wind, falling to the ground. Lydia, bore the pain of her hit knee and raised her head, but apart from grassland, there was nothing all around.

Edgar caught her, so the magic that linked Lydia with the ring lost its effect before she was brought back to the giant's side.

"Lydia..... if I could, I'd really like to maintain this current state, but now, perhaps it can't be done."

Edgar said painfully. Lydia pushed down on him.

"Ah! I-I'm sorry."

After she hastily moved away, Edgar carefully got up like he was in pain. Once she looked, she found that Edgar's chest was bleeding, and that the blood had already spread to his vest.

"You're hurt!"

"That, it's merely a wound that split open slightly, nothing more."

"But..... oh no, does it hurt? Is the wound very deep?"

Lydia was flustered, at the same time, it was because she didn't know what ought to be done and wanted to cry. Edgar saw her like this, and smiled without knowing why.

"Thank goodness..... you're still willing to be worried for me."

She felt a pair of hands touch her cheeks and lifted her eyes, but because she saw something dazzling, her heart skipped a beat. She saw the person she wanted to see, and also wanted hold Edgar in her joyous mood, but as expected, she was still a little afraid, so she couldn't do it.

Compared to this, she felt that Edgar's hands seemed particularly hot.

"Edgar, do you also have a fever?"

"Yeah, it's not a big deal."

He gently pulled back the hand stroking Lydia's cheek, was it because he didn't want her to know that he his fever had heightened?

Saying that it wasn't a big deal, was simply a lie. Lydia was even more worried.

"How did you get hurt?"

"When I was swimming in the river, I was hit by driftwood."

The river? Shouldn't it be that time...? But why would Edgar be in the river?

Edgar worriedly looked at her, this time he only stroked Lydia's hair.

"I was confused by your appearance, so wasn't able to find out all along. I noticed before the moment I was about to lose you, it really is humiliating. But in the end it was still too late, and I just allowed you be brought back to the giant."

Before, Lydia thought as if she was pulled up from the river by Edgar, and heard him call her name, it turns out that all of this wasn't a dream. At the same time

that she was astonished and recalled that kiss which seemed to confirm her identity, thus she blushed.

“No way, how can that be? It’s all because of me....”

“No, I reap what I have sown. It was me who let you get caught up in danger, and hurt you deeply. So I understand, you must be very afraid of me, right? You shouldn’t be able to trust me as your fiancé.”

It wasn’t like that. Her feelings of liking Edgar had not changed. But because Lydia liked him, she wouldn’t be able to respond, due to the fear of being rejected.

Edgar sighed painfully.

“Do I already lack the qualifications to be your fiancé?”

“N-no, not noticing the changeling magic was quite normal.”

“But because you thought that I would discover you, you used Kelpie’s magic to return the the human world, isn’t that right?”

“Th-then it should be said that I myself was too subjective.....”

Edgar frowned, dissatisfied.

“You mean you were expecting too much? Please don’t say such things, as if I were only a man of this level..... Although I am only at this level, I have gradually improved. You see, even if women were to approach me, I honestly can’t enjoy it anymore.”

It was a little odd when he said, “honestly.”

Lydia was bewildered, but Edgar was only earnestly looking into her eyes.

“You repeatedly cried out for my help, yet I was unable to discover you, so if I am hated by you, then there is nothing I can do. However, I still have a chance to rescue you from here, right?”

Was Edgar really planning to become enemies with the giant? Lydia urgently stood up.

“There’s no way, the opponent is a giant, the giant clan can’t be killed by anybody.”

“So what do you mean? You wouldn’t think of trying to do according to what Fergus said, right?”

I don’t know. After all, what was the best way to settle this? For Lydia, she only did not want Edgar getting killed, thus there seemed to be no other way.

Seeing Lydia deep in thought, Edgar forcefully shook his head and said: "No, I don't want to hear it. Please be calm okay? Regardless of whether you want to scold me or hit me, it doesn't matter, but please don't say goodbye to me again."

After that, he turned his gaze from Lydia towards the profound gloomy sky, using his hands to block the sun, that was positioned low.

"Arrow surveyed the land from the sky and located your whereabouts. He also informed me of the giant's territory that is encircled by its magic."

Edgar changed the subject, and then called out: "Arrow."

The long sword, decorated with the Star Sapphire appeared in the sky. Edgar held out his hand, tightly gripping the sword.

"You can already talk with Arrow."

"In the human world, it's still very hard to do as I please, but I should be able to control this sword's power a little. As long as the seal on the sword's power is undone, drawing out the power of the Star Ruby, then perhaps we can overthrow the giant."

"Star Ruby?"

"The Sapphire will emit a red light, transforming into a Ruby, afterwards this sword will be able to slay fairies."

Slay fairies? Lydia frowned in surprise.

Isn't that unseelie magic?

Before the star was engraved into the gem, the Merrow's sword probably existed since ancient times, therefore, it wasn't strange even if it possessed ominous kind of powers. However, Edgar said that he wanted to draw out that power, which was quite difficult to imagine.

Besides, how was he able to understand and manipulate the sword's power?

"But Lydia, there is still a riddle that must be solved. Giants will only die when "the sun is swallowed by the sea for the third time". For one thing, I think it should be referring to the sunset, but is it possible that the giant could be killed by the third time?"

"Edgar, this region won't have sunsets."

After Lydia finished speaking, Edgar turned his head in shock, speechless at the circumstances.

"It seems it's the giants use magic to prevent the sun from setting."

“That sort of thing is possible?”

“This is the fairy world, moreover the sun probably won’t fall only within their range of magic influence.”

“.....Then I will bring the giant outside of it’s magic range. Since they hate the sunset to this extent, from the moment the sunset comes, there is surely a chance.”

Although Edgar spoke very simply, Lydia didn’t believe the requirements of the condition would be fulfilled. That is, being able to kill the giant once sunset approached.

No matter how much power the sword had that was able to slay fairies, the giant will not die by any means other than the fulfillment of the condition from the legend.

The telling of the legend wasn’t necessarily fact, yet it’s bound to have truth. Even so, Edgar still intended to fight.

Lydia saw him painfully get up, and couldn’t help being extremely anxious. Although she wanted to lend an arm out, Edgar said that it wasn’t serious. He probably wanted to concentrate on the battle with the giant.

“If I’m touched by you, I will only think about you.”

He said and smiled with self-derision.

“We haven’t seen each other for several days. Although I didn’t recognise you at the time, I was almost worried to death, thus my self-control has weakened. If I come across you, other matters, as far as I’m concerned, will become irrelevant.”

“But Edgar, your condition.....”

“If I don’t beat the giant, you will always be considered as a target, so I must do it.”

Edgar held the sword once more, and although there wasn’t a hint of instability in his steps, the reason why he wanted to concentrate on this matter was due to him lacking extra mental and physical strength to think about other things. Just thinking about his usual self who would play a joke in critical situations, Lydia worried even more.

“The sword is trembling. The giant must be coming over here, because Arrow knows of Little Bow’s movements.”

Edgar looked around cautiously.

Lydia faintly heard the earth rumbling like the sound of footsteps. She glanced towards the hills and saw a shadow. Moreover, it lifted a wooden staff up high.

“Edgar, watch out!”

When Lydia pushed Edgar away, a huge crack appeared on the ground. Edgar held Lydia, who almost fell into the cracks because of the ground crumbling beneath her feet, and fell down with her on the grasslands. The giant was trying to run down the hill.

The both of them hastily got up, pulling each other’s hands and running.

“Wait! Leave our bride!”

The giant’s voice echoed along with the earth tremors.

“Lydia is my fiancée!”

Edgar retorted as he ran.

“This girl is the Prophet’s fiancée, you shouldn’t be the McKeel clan’s Prophet.”

“I am the Blue Knight Earl!”

“The Blue Knight.....?”

Apparently the giant had heard of this name, merely whispering while trying to stay cautious.

“Don’t lie! I heard that the bloodline of the Blue Knight Earl family had already been severed.”

That wasn’t a lie. After Edgar whispered, he pulled Lydia’s hand and desperately ran.

The giant decided to use magic again.

Huge pillars of flames appeared as the giant waved his wooden staff, and the flames instantly became a blazing tornado. In addition, it was descending the hills and coming towards them.

Lydia felt a wave of heat behind her, and knew that the fire was already approaching her side.

Just when she thought that she was going to get swept in, something passed through the corner of her eyes.

It was a jet-black horse.

In a flash, Lydia surrounded by an ice-cold atmosphere of water mist, and heard the sound of rushing water, not knowing where it came from.

The flood washed away the grass and dirt and flowed past Lydia’s body, and it’s

force struck the blazing tornado.

"Kelpie?"

"Keep running straight forward! The beach is that way!"

The fire and water were in confrontation halfway up the hill.

As Kelpie obstructed the giant, Lydia and Edgar hurried towards the sea.

It was as Kelpie said, the both of them immediately saw it.

Giants were weak when it came to the beach. However, although the position of the sun was very low, there was no sign of the sun setting.

Lydia stood beside the sea, gasping for breath while looking all around.

She first wanted to look for a place to hide, but only white sandy shores could be seen.

At her wits' end, she was forced to head towards the headland, but at this time, Nico's voice was suddenly heard.

"Hey Lydia, over here!" He called out.

After she turned around, she saw a fairy cat standing waving in front of the sea. Just as she thought that, the fairy cat suddenly disappeared, as if hiding behind an invisible wall.

The both of them ran up to it and the scenery in front of them instantly changed as they stepped across the wall.

It was an area with many coarse black rocks. Nico stuck his head out from the big rocks, and beckoned them.

"Lord Edgar."

The person who stood up was Raven.

"Is it only the two of you?"

"Yes. After Patrick said that he was going to bring Fergus back immediately and Fergus refused so the two had a dispute. Then, we parted ways from Lota to search for you and Miss Lydia."

"Lota..... I wonder if she'll be alright alone."

Even if it was Lota, wouldn't being alone in the fairy realm leave her feeling forlorn and helpless? Lydia thought, but Raven replied without much thought: "It should be alright."

"Because it was too late for me to stop her, she broke into a run by herself."

Edgar heavily sat on top of the crumbling rocks, probably because he saw Raven and felt slightly relieved afterwards.

Raven bent down, wanting to take a look at Edgar's condition, but he raised his hand and gave a gentle wave, indicating to Raven that he didn't need to worry. Nonetheless, he still seemed to be in a lot of pain.

Raven gazed at the blood smudged on Edgar's chest, but didn't say anything. "At any rate, we'll return to the human world immediately, and come again to get Lota afterwards."

Nico had a look filled with unease, as it seemed that he didn't want to stay within the giant's magic influence range.

"Even in the human world, the giant can still use magic, right?"

Edgar raised his head and asked.

"Yes..... It's just that there's no way to use it freely like in the fairy world."

"If he came searching for Lydia, it would be the same even if we returned now. I want to end things here."

"Whaat! What are you going to do? It's impossible."

Nico's fur stood on its end and yet it seemed that Edgar didn't intend on changing his mind.

"If the magic in the fairy world will be comparatively stronger, this sword's power should also be fully brought out."

"The sword? But you can't use the magic well enough?"

Edgar ignored Nico and mumbled:

"The key is in the sunset. We must go to a place where the giant's magic won't affect the sun."

"Hey! If you hide here, you'll soon be found!"

Looking up, Kelpie was standing on a large rock and looking down upon them.

"This magic wall is so weak it's shocking, you might as well not use it."

Nico suddenly prickled his whiskers, seemingly protesting at Kelpie, who transformed into a human. However, as Kelpie turned his head, and as one would expect, Nico looked away, as if he was still afraid.

"Kelpie, what about the giant?"

"I used the river to block him, but he'll cross over and come soon."

When Lydia raised her head to look up at Kelpie, she suddenly felt that the scenery was a little uncoordinated, so she looked around.

The rocky area where they were located was a rock that fell from a steep cliff and took shape afterwards. The steep cliff protruded from the sea and formed a

cape. In front of the peninsula stood a tall conspicuous tree.

Lydia kept this in mind, then turned around to look at the bay connected to the beach.

A peninsula could faintly be seen in the distance. The peninsula's prominent form, together with the lone tree, was completely identical to the peninsula on their side.

"The giant magic's border is on this peninsula. Edgar, there should be an item granting magic to the giant nearby, if only that item could be found....."

"Then the magic preventing the sun from falling can be undone?"

Just then, something dwelling in the shadows of the rocks fell.

In the pitch-black rocky area, it was unusually reflecting light.

"...isn't that a mirror?"

Lydia spoke and suddenly discovered something at the same time.

Both sides of the scenery that were identical seemed to overlap according to the mirror's image. Furthermore, this side was the world's seal.

The giant was using the mirror's magic.

"Edgar, I know what to do. I'll go and undo the magic."

Lydia said, then broke into a run.

"Whoa!"

Nico suddenly called out, then raced away from the rocky area and dashed to the beach. As soon as he arrived on this safe area, he then called to everyone:

"The Trow is here, run away!"

There was a dark figure standing on a rock.

He used his sharp vision to stare at Lydia, who was planning to pass through the rocky area and run towards the mirror.

I can't be caught. Although Lydia rushed over urgently, the ground was quite difficult to run on, thus she nearly fell several times, and could only climb the rocks.

"Lydia!"

While Edgar ran towards her, he shot a glance at Kelpie.

"Kelpie, what are you doing just standing there?! It would be great if you could go and get that thing!"

"Fairies can't go and touch things that give the giants magic."

"What did you say? How pathetic."

"I'll go."

Raven ran.

Edgar helped Lydia up, who slipped again. Raven quickly ran past Lydia, climbing up the rocks, then extended his hand towards the shining item.

He grabbed the palm-sized round mirror.

"Raven, break that!"

As Lydia called out, Raven threw and smashed mirror onto the rocks at the same time.

Red light poured out from the broken mirror.

The light instantly spread open; the sea, sky, as well as all of the surroundings were caught up in the light.

It was as if red ink overthrew the earth, even the atmosphere was red.

The red sunset's light that was sealed by the giant flowed into the space in one breath.

They noticed that even the sun became red.

The sun had already arrived at the edge of the sea, and soon it was going to be swallowed by the sea.

The giant looked towards the sea in shock, then looked away from sunset.

"Damn....."

He whispered then promptly turned around and ran.

The giant's figure temporarily disappeared from the rocky area, but as long as they looked around from the shadows of the rocks, they could see him sitting at a distance further away from the waves.

"He wants to wait until the sunset that he hates has ended."

"In other words, now is the time."

Edgar took out his sword.

"But Edgar, the so-called condition of the sun being swallowed by the sea still hasn't been fulfilled."

"Regardless, I want to give it a try."

You'll definitely be killed.

Lydia's fears were almost unbearable.

Despite Edgar getting through many dangerous situations to this day, Lydia, the person by his side, had never felt so afraid.

Just at the thought of Edgar losing his life, she felt her breath stop at once.

“.....Don’t go.”

Lydia blurted out these words.

She ran towards Edgar, holding the hands that were tightly gripping the sword. His hands were still quite warm.

Although the silver blade of the Merrow’s sword shined a red light under the setting sun, the presence of the Star Sapphire that blossomed a mysterious clear blue light could be felt.

Edgar said that the gem would radiate a red light, was this true? After all, how did he want to release the unseelie magic?

If he was unable to bring out the sword’s power, Edgar wouldn’t have a chance at success. But, even if the sword was able to bring out its powers, the condition to defeat the giant still wasn’t complete.

“I beg you, don’t go, let us return to the human world like this.”

He frowned, troubled by this.

“If your don’t recover and treat your wound, then you can’t do it.”

“What if the giant kidnaps you when I’m bedridden?”

“You don’t have to try so hard for me!”

Lydia even believed that if he collapsed like this, it would be better to become the giant’s bride.

“Don’t need to try so hard? Does that mean that you no longer need me?”

“Edgar.....”

“Could it be that I didn’t have the opportunity to rescue you, and so you lost your trust in me?”

“.....Yes, that’s right!”

Lydia suddenly replied.

“I was disappointed in you..... I was really scared, really hoping that you would recognise me, but also, not knowing how many times I asked you for help, you. you think that I’d forgive you?”

Although Edgar had a sorrowful expression, Lydia merely wanted to ask him to stay wholeheartedly.

“Things cannot be settled by you battling the giant, right? If you really like me, return with me. If the giants come and chase after us, we’ll run away together. Then I can forgive you, so regardless of whether it’s marriage or other matters, I’ll listen to you!”

"Although this truly is quite tempting, I don't like running away. For a long time, I wanted to protect my companions and myself by means of running away from the Prince, but I wasn't able to protect everyone. How could I force you to taste the pain of running away?"

Despite Lydia feeling that she was unable to stop Edgar, she still tightly grabbed onto him.

Edgar smiled tenderly, then pulled Lydia's hand over towards him and gazed at her closely.

"Can I kiss you?"

Edgar quickly glanced around, then added: "kiss your cheek." Because he knew that if they weren't alone, Lydia was unwilling to do that.

I don't want it, I don't want this kiss which seems to be saying goodbye.

"I beg you..... promise me that you won't go."

When Lydia could only powerlessly say this, she felt Edgar's lips. Although it was on the cheek, his lips timidly brushed close to side of Lydia's lips.

Just as she thought that, his lips appeared to trail towards Lydia's small mouth and then took it. Although Lydia was astonished, she was unable to move, because without knowing when, her head was held.

Lydia felt his kisses and his fingers sliding through her hair at the same time. If it was said that he wanted to stroke Lydia's hair, yet the action was wild enough to make her hair dishevelled, it made Lydia appear that not even she understood the mood.

She was in a situation of being unable to move, unable to act freely, bearing his kisses which were even more passionate than usual.

Even when the two were alone, it was never so passionate like this. Lydia thought and was breathless to the extent that she was going to have a fever, but she merely embraced Edgar's neck pathetically.

If Edgar were to simply forget the battle with the giant, being alone together like this would be nice.....

Despite these hopes faintly floating in Lydia's mind, Edgar embraced her strongly for the last time then let her go.

"Once I touch you, I really am unable to restrain myself."

Liar. if this was the case, then why are you still going?

Although Lydia thought this, she didn't say anything.

"Raven, I leave Lydia to you."

Raven originally seemed to look away frantically, but once he heard Edgar's call, he quickly nodded soon afterwards.

Although Nico used his hands to cover his eyes, his fingers were opened up quite unusually. Kelpie, who was at the side, calmly looked at them. Moreover, he began to inquire curiously:

"Just now, you were almost going to be eaten up by the Earl."

"N-no, that's.....um....."

"Was it pleasant?"

Fascinated, Kelpie brought his face close, so Lydia had no choice but to avoid him and back away hurriedly.

"T-this can only be done between lovers! More importantly, now isn't the time to talk about this!" Lydia turned and glanced toward the beach.

Edgar stood before the waves that were dyed in red, glaring straight at the giant who met his eyes.

"Trow, if you don't give up your intention in taking my fiancée away, then I have no choice but to bring you down."

Edgar had the unsheathed sword standing upright before him.

The sapphire was absorbing red sunlight even though a magnificent blue light shone to awaken.

The power of the ruby that Edgar sensed in his dreams was still mute. He only had the usual sensation of grasping the ancient sword; that being said, he didn't plan on backing down.

If he retreated, the situation would only head towards the outcome that he feared the most. The only thing he was unable to bear was Lydia being taken away.

The giant sat somewhat further from the beach, on the grass near the slope of the sandy beach.

"Humans cannot kill me."

"We'll see about that. I can see that you seem quite intimidated. If you hurry up and destroy me, you can gain the bride that you desire, and yet you aren't moving even one bit?"

Edgar spoke provocatively, and the giant naively responded, revealing a bothered look and even stood up.

"Don't look down on me. Even if it's sunset now, it's not like I can't use magic."

He slowly headed down to the beach.

Come a little closer to the sea.

Edgar gripped the sword and assumed a battle stance. He moved to the left, and retreated back to the area where the waves were upon his feet. But the giant seemed to hate the seawater, as he stopped on the dry beach and waved his wooden staff.

A rock rose midair. The giant waved his wooden staff, and the rock flew towards Edgar.

Having just narrowly dodged it, he lost his footing in the seawater and tumbled on the edge of the water. After seeing that, the giant probably lowered his guard a little and approached closer towards the beach.

This time, he pointed the staff directly towards Edgar.

Just when the giant was on the verge of using magic, Edgar hastily stood up and tightly grasped the sword that had fallen between the waves. Then, as if pushing aside the water, he waved his sword.

It splashed upwards, wetting the giant.

The giant suddenly panicked, and he immediately withdrew, turning his back towards Edgar.

Edgar took advantage of the discord and readied his battle stance once more, waving his sword to kill the giant.

However, the Merrow's sword was unable to cut anything, passing through the giant's body.

Was Edgar still unable to kill fairies? Or was it because the conditions were not yet fulfilled?

After the giant dashed away from the beach and used his robe to clean his wet staff, he frantically used his clothes to wipe his hands that came into contact with seawater.

The Trow, who hated the sunset and the sea, was also afraid of being dyed by the red sea water.

As Edgar watched frantic Trow and discovered something.

Right now, a "sun giant" was here. If the giant was pulled into the sea, then the second condition would be complete.

The sunset, which was just about to be submerged into the sea, along with the

giant, who was soaked by the waves, did this not indicate the sea swallowing the sun for the second time?

Then, what about the third time?

Actually, Edgar already instinctively knew the answer. If that was Ulysses' expectations, then he could surely beat the giant.

But before that, it seemed that the giant wouldn't set foot in the sea so easily. How was he going to lure the giant in?

The giant maintained a distance between Edgar as well as the waves, as this was probably the distance where the magic could barely cause any effects. He merely saw the giant raising his staff

Edgar was instantly hurled off by the magic, hitting a sandbar covered with rocks.

"Edgar!"

He heard Lydia scream.

Stay back. At the same time that Edgar mumbled, he glimpsed at Raven pushing her into the shadows of the rocks, not letting her come out.

"Although you claim to be the Blue Knight Earl, as I thought, you aren't a real one."

Edgar tried to get up, but his body protested. More blood flowed out from the wound.

"I am the real Blue Knight Earl. This is the Merrow's sword, from the sea race that you loathe....."

"And yet you don't even know how to use it?"

Rocks rose once more. It was already too late for Edgar to get up, as the rocks fell from above.

He wasn't aware at all that he had avoided it. Although he was merely staggering, and tried to move his body with all his strength, the rocks had barely fallen to his sides.

But this wasn't regarded as being lucky, because the sword was trapped underneath the rocks.

Edgar gripped the sword hilt and tried to pull it out. But the giant intended to throw more rocks at him again.

At that time, Lydia shook Raven off. Not minding that she wet, she came rushing towards him.

"Lydia, go back!"

Although Edgar shouted, Lydia sat down beside him, then spoke loudly to the giant:

"Trow! If you want to use that chunk of rock and kill me as well, then throw it over."

Ah that's right. The giant can't do anything to kill Lydia, because he needs to take Lydia as the bride and bring her back.

But this was too reckless; running out now, she would only be captured by the giant.

Sure enough, although the giant returned the rock to its original position, this time, he slowly walked over in order to grab Lydia.

"I'm sorry....."

Edgar embraced her, who said this as if giving up.

"I still believe that as long as you're safe and sound, then it would be alright."

You want to go to where the giants are? I definitely won't let you do this sort of thing.

Edgar breathed deeply, while cautiously gazing at the giant who set foot in the waves.

The giant realized that he didn't need to be afraid of Edgar, because he was merely a human. Furthermore, he also took the initiative to enter the sea.

Perhaps after he had thought once more, he believed that the sunset and the sea wouldn't cause him any danger in these circumstances.

".....No, Lydia, I won't let you say goodbye to me again."

For Edgar, now was the perfect opportunity.

It was Lydia who created the opportunity for him.

He embraced Lydia with one arm, then he tightly gripped the sword.

If he failed, he would lose Lydia.

For Edgar, the purpose in protecting Lydia was probably a force that was able to wipe away any of his confusion.

There was no room to hesitate even though he did not want to become something that he did not hope to become.

In that moment, he sensed the sword's power.

Rays of light burst from the Star Sapphire.

Because the defensive blue turned into the offensive scarlet, its magic was now

that of unseelie.

Originally, it was a dark blue resembling the Merrow's sea but now it became a scarlet color, identical to the sea intending to swallow the sun.

"When the sea swallows the sun for the third time".

The condition of the legend was complete.

The giant kicked about waves with his feet, looking down at Edgar and Lydia.

He kneeled down and tried extending his hand toward Lydia.

Now was the only time.

[PICKACHU]

Edgar pulled out the ruby sword from underneath the rocks.

It was a mystery that the sword didn't resist and obeyed Edgar's commands.

He thrust the sword out with all his remaining strength.

Indeed, he felt his sword piercing through something.

The sword impaled the giant's chest, as the Star Ruby radiated a striking crimson light.

The color of the sky became a dark red, as it approached nighttime. The giant collapsed into the waves, which appeared to signal that the sun had begun to ascend below the horizon on the other side before long.

The waves continued to beat the giant's fallen body and as Edgar watched, he finally understood that everything had already. Thus he lifted Lydia's head and they gazed at each other.

".....The giant..... is dead.....?"

"Yes."

He responded briefly, then to confirm this, he embraced Lydia. Lydia, not knowing when, she began to naturally allow him to bring his body close. Edgar, on one aspect, felt that this was truly amiable and at the same time, he was also aware of one thing.

Although the giant was dead, his own suffering was going to begin from now on. As Ulysses wanted, he was only a step closer to Prince.

Perhaps there would be a day where Lydia would be afraid and stay away from him. However, Edgar eliminated this idea from his mind, telling himself that he wouldn't regret it, because no matter what method he used, he was going to protect her.

The giant's body was still pierced by the sword, and when the sea and sky

turned blue, his body disappeared. The sword then fell into the waves, and the ruby had already returned to a sapphire.

Edgar picked up the sword and the Moonstone ring tumbled down.

The presence of the sun was lost as the moon began to ascend towards the sky.

*

(Your Highness.)

Within the darkness, someone called out.

Edgar felt as if he were in a hazy dream, and saw two hooded crows.

I am not your Prince.

Edgar muttered.

I'm only using the Blue Knight Earl's title, I don't plan on getting closer to you guys.

The hooded crows circled around while calling.

(But you obtained that power like the first Prince.)

I won't use it again.

(It's hard to say.)

(The Highland's prophet ought to awaken, in order to take your life.)

Me?

Because I made Lydia my fiancée? Still, the McKeel clan's prophet knows the Prince?

(If you do not wish for this, then he must be buried forever.)

(If it's a new you, then it's possible.)

Was everything in accordance to the Prince's organization's ideas?

Disappear from me.

Right now, I don't want to think about anything.

The hooded crows fluttered about as they noisily squawked.

He whispered once more so that they would disappear.

A blue flash cut across the darkness.

After the hooded crows disappeared, there was a child hovering in the sky, looking at him.

Edgar asked out loud.

Arrow, what do you think? Am I no longer the Blue Knight Earl?

(I am a star nurtured from your body, moreover, only my master is able to be the wielder of this sword. My duty is to serve you as the Blue Knight Earl. I don't know of any other matters other than this.)

In the end, who am I? There are no definite answers anywhere.

No, I still have someone to rely on.

Oh, that's right, where is Lydia?

As long as she is willing to stay by my side, nothing will change.

I must be in a situation where I can seal the Prince's memories, and obtain stable happiness.

However, where is she? Is she not here?

Ahh that's right, she should have noticed, that the power that killed the giant was unseelie magic.

Thus, she is afraid of me.

(Edgar, I have something to tell you.)

Lydia, along with her voice, appeared within the dream. Her expression was quite solemn.

Oh no, it looks as if you want to begin talking about a breakup.

Edgar jokingly said, but he regretted it, because Lydia looked to be on the verge of tears.

Do you really want to break up?

Wait, please reconsider, I'm willing to do anything.

Lydia planned to leave, and Edgar desperately grabbed onto her hand.

“.....Lydia!”

He was woken up by his own shout, and suddenly opened his eyes.

Edgar was holding someone's hand. It was a woman's.

He turned to the person in order to confirm, that the person beside him smiling from ear to ear was.....

“.....Lota?”

“Hey, how are you feeling?”

Edgar quickly shook off her hand. He thought to himself that he really was too careless. Rather than holding this fellow's hand, it would be much better to hold Tomkins's.

“Why are you here? You wanted to attack me while I was sleeping?”

“What!? What's with this tone of yours, just when I came to look after you.”

"Please stop. Saying that you'll look after me, my condition will worsen because of this. This was quite well-known since long ago."

Lota tsked and stood up.

"Oh my god, even when you're sick, you're not the least bit cute at all as usual, it's unbearable."

She said, appearing to have had enough of him. Although she tried to walk out of the room, Edgar hastily asked:

"What about Lydia?"

"How could I let her look after you? You'll go crazy and drag her into bed."

"Where is Lydia?"

Because Lota had the upper hand and was enjoying it, she chuckled.

"I don't know, maybe Fergus is in the process of courting her."

"That guy..... he's still in London?"

"He's around the same age as you but he's naive or should I say, sincere. But he's also honest, so Lydia might really like him."

After Lota finished bothering Edgar as much as she could, she left.

"Damn it!"

He tried to get up but Raven came in immediately.

"Lord Edgar, please rest for now."

"I'm going to see Lydia. Raven, prepare a change of clothes."

"Y.....yes."

Although Raven replied, he was clearly perplexed.

Despite him promptly leaving the room, he was definitely thinking of a way to stop Edgar. When he brought his change of clothes, he also brought the head butler.

Tomkins forcefully pushed Edgar, who was trying to get up, onto the bed.

"My lord, you mustn't force yourself."

"Let me go, I don't need to rest."

"You will have a fever again."

"Raven, get Tomkins out of here!"

Raven was only seen covering his ears to block out Edgar's command, slowly retreating and leaving the room.

".....Tomkins, if you don't let me go, I'll fire you!"

"That's fine. In any case, if something were to happen to my lord, I will lose my

job either way.”

The head butler was short and stout, yet he was quite strong in pinning down Edgar. But Edgar wasn’t to be outdone.

“Mrs. Lane, lend me a hand!”

The sound of Tomkins yelling for the housekeeper resounded throughout the mansion.

*

After Lydia finished changing her clothes in a hurry, she rushed out of her room and headed down the stairs. Her father was in the dining room, reading the newspaper, after having finished breakfast and taking relaxing a little. This was the sight of the Carlton family every morning, it’s just that this morning, Lydia finished breakfast early and left not too long after.

“Father, I’m going out.”

After poking her head out from the door and calling out, her father looked up and said:

“You’re going out? If you’re that worried, shouldn’t you stay over at the mansion?”

“Yeah, but I think there should be no need. His fever had already alleviated yesterday, so now I can feel at ease.”

Edgar was unconscious for three days and three nights. Although Lydia hoped to stay by his side as much as possible, even if it was to take care of her fiancé, she also thought that she would feel a little sorry for her father if she lived in Edgar’s mansion before the wedding.

After hearing Lydia’s answer, her father was clearly relieved. Although Father told Lydia that she could stay over at Edgar’s mansion, his heart, in fact, certainly did not hope for her to do so.

Even though Lota, who used her status as a companion to assist Lydia, she was advised to at least return home in the evening as she was worried about her, relieving a lot of Lydia’s burden.

“Well there’s that. If you collapse, the Earl cannot be at ease and recuperate.”

“Eh, I’m not pushing myself.”

Although Father looked worried, he didn’t ask too much about what happened.

When Lydia, whose whereabouts were unknown, suddenly returned three days ago, Father had only said welcome home and hugged her, neither asking nor blaming her.

This was because he knew that even as her father, as long as it was encountering fairies and other related matters, there was nothing he could do about it.

If Lydia went to a place where he couldn't go to, he would probably think that it was her fate that she carried and was born with, therefore he couldn't deal with the change. But, if her daughter had returned safely and was staying here now, it was only normal that he felt great.

Perhaps similarly for Lydia's mother he had also come to accept this.

Lydia felt it to be her father's greatest affection.

"Father, I'll be sure to come home at the usual time today."

Lydia walked over, left an affectionate kiss on her father's cheek, then left the house.

When she was heading towards the main street to take the street carriage, she saw a figure standing beside the street lights looking at her.

This person was wearing a plaid skirt, so she knew right away that it was Fergus.

"You're quite early. Where are you going?"

"You've been lying here in wait? Didn't I say that I'll never see you again?"

Finding it amusing, Fergus shrugged.

Not long after the giant was defeated, he and Patrick appeared at the beach.

They seem to have witnessed Edgar slaying the giant.

Not only was it a shock for them, but it was a taboo at the same time.

To say the least, one theory was circulated on their island, that was, that the death of a sun giant was an ill omen. Moreover, the sword's power that was drawn out by Edgar was an unseelie power that was hated.

Needless to say, it was only logical that they were anxious towards the Earl.

"The Earl still seems to be alive."

The reason why Fergus said this with regret, wasn't just because the giant was defeated, rather it was because he came close to being killed by Edgar afterwards.

After Edgar told him that he defeated the giant, he asked him to hand over head and pointed his sword at him. But fortunately, Edgar had no more physical

strength to do so.

“If he recovers, he will come to get your head.”

“.....Are you serious?”

He drew a cross on his chest.

“But I think that if you apologize to him and seek his pardon, he will be very lenient.”

That's right, Edgar showed no mercy to the people that were hostile towards him, but as long as they begged him for his patronage, he would turn into a considerably lenient aristocrat. Lydia believed so.

But Fergus deeply frowned and refused.

“Highlanders won't so easily apologize towards the English. Besides, this man is the type that I hate, not only did he threaten Patrick, he also said that he wanted to destroy our clan. He has no decency.

It was because he was swept up in an unusual conspiracy.

Lydia felt pain in her chest at the thought of his incurable affliction.

“Also, Lydia you've also noticed, right? Humans to go as far as to defeat a giant. this really is inconceivable.”

“That's because the condition of the legend was complete, whether they be human or other races, it's only normal that they would be able to defeat the giant.”

This was the rule amongst the fairies and the fairy realm.

“But Patrick said that the magic at that time was the crystallization of ominous forces; as it goes without saying, humans are unable to manipulate the magic of unseelie court.”

Lydia was certainly frightened when she witnessed it.

At present, she still didn't understand how Edgar could freely manipulate such magic.

As soon as she thought that, she sank into anxiety. Edgar was indeed harboring secrets that Lydia did not know of.

“Can you really marry that sort of man? It's quite possible that man has a contract with the unseelie court.”

Indeed, she also only thinking that something close to that had occurred.

“Hey Lydia, if you don't want to marry that guy, come to the Hebrides. It's your mother's hometown. If you become a member of the clan, will you protect the

clan together with me?"

If Mother was still alive, what would she do?

Perhaps she would help them.

Even if she didn't act as the Prophet's fiancée, and didn't marry with Fergus, if the clan got caught up in crises because of fairies, Lydia might be able to help them.

Although Lydia thought this, she shook her head.

She didn't want to trouble Edgar.

"Fergus, in order to save me from the giant's hands, would you not hesitate to obtain unimaginable and terrible power?"

Fergus frowned and did not answer.

Lydia continued walking once more, and Fergus remained there and did not catch up.

Why was it Edgar? Lydia had doubts since the beginning. Why had she come to like him? Why had she insisted and believed that he didn't?

Now, she felt that she understood a little.

It was because Edgar strongly yearned to have her.

Even when she couldn't believe that and firmly refused him, he wasn't the least bit deterred. Perhaps one of the reasons was naturally because Edgar was confident in himself but in that case, even when there were so many girls he could pursue, his feelings for Lydia was so strong, it was unimaginable.

He probably noticed how timid Lydia was toward love and thus endeavoured. She, who originally wasn't well-suited with him, was fond of him now as a result, even thinking that she was capable of stepping onto the path of marriage.

Although Lydia was still unable to understand, there were also many areas where she couldn't keep up to Edgar's pace, but because he still earnestly hoped to be together with her, she no longer felt hesitant towards marriage. Edgar freed the supposed seal on the power of the Star Ruby in the Merrow's sword, but this was due to him not wanting to give up on Lydia, and in result the Ruby appeared. Therefore she didn't want to take her eyes away from him. Lydia had arrived at the Earl's mansion with a relaxed heart, only to see Raven standing in the hallway, covering his ears. She entered the room, completely puzzled, and the first thing that jumped into her eyesight was a short butler

and large housekeeper fighting with Edgar.

"Edgar, what are you doing!"

Lydia shouted and Edgar stopped after seeing her surprise.

Tomkins who was restrained, freed himself from the Edgar's arm. He promptly rearranged his crooked tie and fixed up his sparse hair.

"Ahh, Miss Lydia, you came just in time, Master insisted that he go out."

"What did you say? Edgar, you ought to know that you must recover, right?

What are you going to do if you were to open up your wounds again from behaving so violently?"

Lydia approached Edgar, making her way past the housekeeper and the butler.

"You are not a child, lie down still and rest!"

Edgar nodded, as if overwhelmed by her imposing manner.

"But Lydia, I just wanted to see you, that's all."

"Can't we see each other at any time?"

I suppose he really is someone who is troublesome to look after for others. As Lydia was fed up, she sighed in frustration, and Edgar immediately gazed at her with abandoned puppy dog eyes.

"Really?"

Not only was he rude and unreasonable like a tyrant, he also did outrageous things and yet sometimes he would display this kind of timid attitude.

Lydia sat on the chair that Tomkins pulled out for her, while scowling.

"Only if you don't mess around."

The head butler and housekeeper quietly walked out of the room.

Although Edgar gazed at Lydia, hounding her every move, not wanting to miss a single one. But he didn't lean forward, closing the distance between them like he usually did.

"Please don't give me such an awful look."

"But I really am shocked. Just when your fever finally reduced yesterday."

"I'm sorry."

Despite him honestly apologizing, he still looked worried.

Lydia glanced at the medicine on the bedside table.

"You haven't taken your medicine?"

"It doesn't have much effect either way."

"That won't do, as long as you believe that it's effective, then it will be effective."

"

"If you feed me with your mouth, then it will probably be effective."

He slightly returned to his usual manner, but Lydia couldn't help but also resume her usual manner.

"Don't joke around."

".....I will take it."

This practically seemed like criticising him.

While Edgar was bedridden and until coming here this morning, Lydia had been thinking about something else.

She wanted to have a good talk with him, so she sat upright.

"Edgar, I have something to tell you."

"Ahh, that's right, Lydia, I forgot to thank you. Thank you.....for giving me the pocket watch, I will cherish it."

"Oh, you found it?"

I completely forgot about that.

"It was the most amazing gift. From now on, I hope that we will always be together..... the feelings contained within your message made me very happy. Although I said that you were completely unconscientious of the marriage, I don't think it's like this now. I fully understand that you intend to stay by my side forever."

The two of them wanted to get married, so this was a matter to be expected, but Edgar was frantic and especially moved as he said these words.

"If I knew this earlier, then I should have recognised that you were Liz. As long as I remember this, I feel very remorseful."

"It's alright."

"It's not alright at all. Just when I received precious words at that time."

At that time, Lydia told him that she loved him.

"If you're willing to say it once more, I will be very happy."

Lydia was startled, then her face reddened all over and she looked down.

What am I going to do? Sure enough, I still can't say those words as "Lydia".

"Um..... Edgar, other than that, I have something I need to say....."

However, once Lydia wanted to return to the main topic, Edgar had an anxious expression.

He quickly interrupted, as if he didn't want Lydia to speak unnecessarily.

"I know! You don't have to force yourself to say it, I believe your feelings are certainly the same as mine."

"...Listen to me..."

"As soon as I can go out, is there anywhere you would like to go? We should occasionally break away from social parties, I think the both of us should go out for a walk."

"Why are you interrupting me?"

Because it really was too unusual, Lydia couldn't help but ask. As a result, Edgar sighed heavily, and buried his fingers into his blond hair.

After finally making his mind up, he looked up and said:

"You see Lydia, I have certainly given you many painful memories, but I have reflected from the bottom of my heart and won't do something like that to trouble you again in future..... I won't strongly pressure you like that, I will properly wait before marriage, and I won't urgently decide on the marriage date again. I will do anything according to what you say."

"Yes, so I wanted to talk....."

"But there is only this matter that I won't agree on."

"What?"

"As long as it's your wish, I will fulfill it for you no matter what it is, but I don't want to hear you talk about breaking up, I won't ever listen."

"Talk about breaking up? W-what are you saying?"

He stared at Lydia who looked astonished.

".....That wasn't it? Because, I....."

After Edgar finished speaking, he looked down at his hands, and thought of the changes in the sword that he brought about. Did he think that even if he defeated the giant, Lydia's feelings may have already changed?

Lydia grasped his hands that he was gazing at.

"Edgar, thank you. "

Thank you for coming to my rescue, and...

"Thank you for liking me, so we...can have the wedding sooner."

For Lydia, speaking these words already used up her greatest efforts, and as soon as she noticed, she was already in Edgar's embrace.

"Really?.....You don't regret being engaged to me?"

"It's not like I regret it."

"Ahh Lydia, as long as you're happy, I'm willing to love you even more now."

"Eh? It's already enough."

"Now, would you like me to let you know how much I love you?"

Not only did Edgar whisper in her ear, his arms that hugged her used force, this couldn't help but make Lydia feel that it was dangerous.

"Uh, didn't you just say that you would wait?"

"Damn it."

....How can he look happy while saying that?

He really is a hopeless man.

Just when she thought he was joking around, he suddenly said in a serious tone:

"Lydia, I've been thinking about something for awhile, I want to visit your mother's grave before we get married."

"Mother's grave? You want to visit her grave?"

"That's right. I would like to properly inform your mother of our marriage. In future, I might disregard the McKeel clan's existence, so I can only ask for her forgiveness first."

He ought to, in order to cut off ties with her mother's clan, as well as ties with the Prophet.

"Yes, speaking of that, I haven't yet informed Mother that I was going to get married."

Edgar gazed at Lydia, who lifted her head, then gently smiled as usual, and looked as if she was purely thinking about marriage.

Lydia still didn't know what secrets he concealed within his mind, and was also not aware that he did not intend to ignore the McKeel clan, rather, he was prepared to consider them as enemies. She was thankful to God from the bottom of her heart that Edgar was safe.